

Maclean's

A color photograph of Johnny Rodgers, a Canadian football player, crouching on a grass field. He is wearing a blue and white jersey with red sleeves, white pants, and white socks. He is holding a brown football with both hands. A blue helmet with the number 20 is on the ground next to him. The background is a blurred stadium.

**Johnny Rodgers:
no ordinary
superstar**

**TRUDEAU HITS THE
ROAD TO SELL
CONTROLS**

NOVEMBER 3, 1976 CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE VOL. 68 NO. 12

Interview 4	Market News 22	Science 11	Television 74
Letters 12	People 17	Press 16	Music 76
Preview 17	Business 10	Travel 75	Books 78
Congress News 16	Sports 13	Plaza 72	After Patteringsburg 10

covered, nothing changes—whether he's cutting through traffic in his \$41,000 Roth, or stomping all night in the discotheque, or eating breakfast (lobster and oysters) in bed. Rodgers is *The Entertainer*. McDaniels writes about the Johnny Rodgers everybody knows—the one who scores touchdowns—but mostly the writer about the one nobody knows—but even Johnny Rodgers. **Page 26.**

planned his comeback. The opportunity came this fall, when he was able to visit the cabinet on a rough new law-and-order stance. And who was a more logical choice to push the bill through and make it work, than Ron Sanford? **Page 44**



Old soldiers' tale away, but the Legion goes on forever. Coudane has not fought a war since Korea, and it makes sense that the Legion (which was founded, after all, as an organization for war veterans) should be getting ready to expire. But, as we've found, the Legion is far from ever. It ranks 16th in members and sorts of other who've served in the largest (and, now, more the churches, the Legion of the Future, all purposed to fill in and lobbying for have to find a new role for men's clonings its commitment determination was of life. **Page 26.**

It was not the best work of Lydia Hunt's life. It claimed members of her family as convicts of the literary section for the Festival of Women and the Arts in Toronto. It was a work in which everything seemed to be going wrong, and tempers were frayed and often lost completely. She had lost virtually no sleep. She had ended an embittered session of chair-purges for the suits of Bethune, John O'Brien, the novelist, and Clarence Great, the academician, too. Finally Hunt was able to smother a few thorns with Grace, and to soothe a mistress's jealousy (4). That was it. She had no more to say. (4) The cast of *Star of the Sea* included Toronto's Stratton Place Hotel and Grace, whose apartment knows few bounds, as her balcony, that reached over the table for what is considered of Hunt's. When Hunt turned

on the tape recorder, in her old days. Greer finished it. She stopped up in it. She started again. And again, and again before the afternoon was over. To make the day complete Greer decided to give her brother (Hilbert is 28, Greer is 35) instructions as to how to

live in 30 years. Greer went on, you'll update yourself through a little bit of research as life goes on, work and to work best you have to be sexually fulfilled, so sex and work are all that matter,

and emotional involvement is all that there is, and smiling, and on. Hilbert was



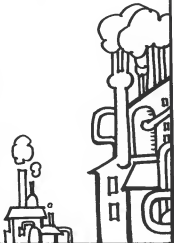
preachably bolstered, not so much because Greer's argument was biting home but because Greer was a friend and the cynicism revealed that under that tough, freetradeging, go-to-the-mattress face was a man, a man who had been a friend since 1967. When he was 26, he had written the amount down from her first meeting with Greer in the Bahamas just over a year before. Here was that then, doing a three-part series on financial leaders for the Toronto Star. They sat still, were close for the week, and there was great feeling at the conclusion of the series. Greer was the person and I had not said, yes, yes, precisely. It was partially because of that knowledge that Greer, who is now only charged \$3,000 a lecture, came to participate in the week-long Canadian Festival for nothing. It was like how the came to sit across the table from Hans, being her top secret advisor, saving

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Interview

With GERMAINE GREER

Germaine Greer rose from academic obscurity to the limelight as the women's liberation movement in 1971 when *The Female Eunuch*, her pungent literary document of female powerlessness, became a best seller. She was different, however, from the movement's American leaders Betty Friedan and Gloria Steinem. She was first of all an academic with a masters degree from Sydney University and a doctorate in English from Cambridge. Until 1973 she taught English at Warwick University in the English Midlands. She was also less predictable, not so easily stereotyped. Now a broadcast journalist she maintains a house in London and a term in Italy. In 1992 she married a construction worker, Paul Le Pou. It lasted three weeks. Lydia Hunt, a Toronto writer, interviewed Ms. Greer recently for *Mix* magazine. I remember meeting her for the first time at a seminar last year on women in poetry. She is... well, surprised and slightly intimidated by her intellect. She is firm under people in the audience, especially one elderly woman who continually referred to her as Miss Gerson. On this occasion Ms. Hunt found the 59-year-old Australian-born author insightful, charismatic and, as usual, controversial. "The lady pulls no punches."

Mix: *The modern women's movement is almost a decade old. How do you feel the misconceptions that have sprung up around it?*

Greer: People have assumed all kinds of crazy things about the movement. They've judged the behavior of some people who apparently espoused the movement and condemned the movement as a whole. That's wrong. You should not assume that an idea is invalid simply because of the misguided behavior of certain people involved in it. Society tried to do the same thing with socialism and the working-class movement. No matter how common-sensical or responsible socialism is, it is presented to the public as something grotesque and unimpeachable, absurd and evil. For example, it is attributed as the motivation of people who go on strike... which is not true because evil isn't an incentive for any kind of behavior.

Mix: *What have been some of the most on-target insights about the movement?*

Greer: Well, of course, one of the major insights the movement has been that individualism is not basic and endemic to human ideology. Lesbianism is part of the

movement, but it's not the whole story. In any case, lesbianism isn't what the vulgar public thinks it is. I've had that assumption made about me so I know firsthand about the discrepancy between fact and fantasy. Like most movement women, it's impossible for me to do without a phallic relationship—I'm turned on by men and that's all there is to it. But there has been the development of a sort of... political lesbianism. For some women it's taken a



'FOR SOCIETY TO EQUATE FEMINISM WITH SEXUAL LESBIANISM IS SIMPLY ABSURD'

very direct path; they've given up trying to accommodate the penis—and all that means—and simply do without it. As for me, I don't go to bed with women, except under unusual duress. But I love them. That's how most of us feel. So for society to think the movement is synonymous with sexual lesbianism is wrong. It's absurd, but even women's liberation is always being described by people who know nothing about it. Just as I'm constantly being told what I think by people who don't know me and haven't read a word of what I've written. My behavior is constantly being projected in social situations.

Mix: *Do you fly men and women?*

Greer: Oh, yes. There's no distinction between the sexes when it comes to sex-

formed erotica. And it's not my fault. I explain myself liberately and fully at all times. I don't do any special numbers or put on any special dresses. I do exactly what comes into my head. But people want me to be an individual and see me in terms of their own fantasies. When they see me wearing a skirt, they call me a woman or say that I've abandoned feminism. I've always taken care of my appearance. I like good clothes. I go to beauty parlor to get my hair cut. If it seems to some people that I never did it before, it's because they don't know anything about me.

Mix: *You once said people envision the movement as hordes of angry women dressed in grey tunics marching to some distant beat. In fact, all the movement says is dress for yourself, make your own appearance for what you want it to be. Not every feminist is purple, long-haired and totally intellectual.*

Greer: No, but if you're a feminist, it means you don't feel quite so destroyed if you are purple, long-haired and intellectual, because there are more lifestyles to choose from. I learned a long time ago about clothes and looks by studying the anatomy. They really do have the best of everything. They've solved their child sex problems with hairdressing salons and make-ups. They've created a completely different form of social organization than the one we have to plod around in. We're the ants who live in our one-bedroomed apartments while they have land, air, sea and space and all the things human beings need to flourish. No one ever told me it's more useful to buy one expensive pair of alligator shoes than will last five years than to buy a whole lot of plastic shoes that fall apart immediately. Good, it's so trivial to even talk about this—you're going to get knocked off you dress up or if you dress down. The point is no one cares what men wear. You don't discuss what a politician wears, where he buys his clothes, how often he clips the hair out of his nose or sunglasses his mustache or whether he has a body odor problem or which after-shave he likes. That kind of crap is only considered important when it comes to women. I like to think about clothes as little as possible. One of the best ways of doing this is to know you don't look like a jerk. Good clothes are a help when you're feeling frazzled, down and unattractive. Having something interesting to wear is usually... it's another aspect of sensuality.

Mix: *Do you and other you are not and not for sexual gratification. Do you share any other liberty in your life with men?*

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Green: I think what's happened to me is that I now turn men the way men used to view women, which is not a desirable situation. It means I sleep with them and I'm concerned for them, but if I have to choose between them and something else they're going to lose. If I have to get out of bed and go somewhere I'm going to go despite the threats and taunts. In other words, the love of a man has now become of my life as thing again. My work and my concerns for women has displaced it. I have a sort of camaraderie with most men and just play with the others. I don't think this dichotomy should exist. But it is, now.

Maclean: *For a while in the beginning of the Seventies, the feminist movement seemed to put incredible pressure on all of us to become Superwomen. We felt we had to become women enough to take the heat ourselves to make the best contribution. We felt we had to do it all in private we were a competent, creative force that all that seems to be changing. The movement seems to be easing up on some women as they do it well and are happy doing it. What's wrong with having a family as a life's work?*

Green: Everything. Raising a child shouldn't be anyone's life-work. It's self-consuming and dangerous. Children don't want to be brought up with someone's every emotion and desire. It's a terrible responsibility for them, they go round the head God if you know your mother's self-image depends on your marks in school you'll most resent your father. Away from the culture of Western women between marriage and childbearing, career and work achievement is so irrelevant when you consider the problems of the majority of the world's women. Women whose lives are the most appalling, who have no autonomy, who have never desired to enter their simplest freedoms: who have no concept of sexual pleasure. The majority of women are still in that situation. We must help them.

Maclean: How do you suggest we reach these women? You can't preach ideology.

Green: Well you need acceptable understandable forms of media - television for instance - and not the underground press. In Italy there's a form of pop literature that rising women read voraciously. It's called *Pheno Riforma*. It's like the *True Romance* magazines you have in Canada. What I've been wanting to do for some time now is write a *Pheno Riforma*, but tell the truth. Instead of having everybody in ridiculous fantasies, advertising sex with ages and pictures and kisses and never working and walking away from the assault, why not tell the actual story of a little girl who works in a supermarket and when ripped off by the local boss who has to have an abortion as the hands of the law pressure on them, find out to be the mother of a baby who she's allowed her life to be put in jeopardy, not once but twice. And now she's in a bind. She really can't get preg-

nant again, it will kill her. Which means, in strict Catholic terms, there should be no more screaming because screaming is supposed to end in pregnancy. The problem is that without screaming, she's going to lose her husband. What this woman has done is have a contraceptive coil inserted by a gynaecologist, how she's probably choosing two or three men a year, and she doesn't even know she's doing it. The coil is killing newly fertilized ones. But the Catholic church acquiesces to this, it tells her it's a matter between herself and her conscience. The contradiction is rampant. The church keeps proclaiming that a fertilized one is a living soul and entitled to live in Heaven and worship God for eternity. If I really believed that it would have women who were having their periods pour body wear down the lavatory because every so often a fertilized one does shed itself in menstruation. So what I want to know is what the church is doing about all those souls who've gone down the lavatory. Nothing, because their physiological knowledge is not equal to their assertions of sincerity. To me, the whole abortion question is simple, in view of the fact that a woman like a man, has one need to save, one body to care for and one life to justify on earth, then the decisions - and the mistakes - should be her's and hers alone.

Maclean: *Does the backlog of bodies have any say in a woman's decision to abort or to bear a child?*

Green: No. In the sense that no man has the right to compel any woman to harbor a child in her womb against her will. By the same token, no woman has the right to send a child from a man that is so pre-pregnant against his wishes or without his knowing and consent the fact that his bloodline goes on in a child of hers. Although I must say that it is a lesser grievance to send a child from a man than to be forced to carry and bear a child. Apart from anything else, pregnancy can be tremendously unstable and disturbing experience, many women just don't survive, physically or mentally. It's my rant, the only thing I'm sure want as for women to have a choice - to have or not to have an abortion. There's nothing to say to a woman who believes deeply in her team of heaven that abortion is wrong. She should be entitled not to have abortions, just as I should be entitled to have them. It's our decision, not the man's, not the doctor's. Doctors are the worst educated group in the community, virtually illiterate because of the great amount of technological knowledge they have to absorb. It's given them no time to consider ethics. If you ask the average medical student how much time he spends learning medical ethics or medical jurisprudence or philosophy, you'll be shocked by his answer. And this is a man who in his career will deal with Jews, Catholics, Muslims, schizophrenics, murderers, poets, plumbers, and women, and try to apply the same grotesque rule of thumb to all of them.



Not Kill - Prized. It doesn't say they should kill only creeds, animals, birds, coyotes, germs, Vietnamese, Germans, Irish Catholics, or anything else. It says they should not kill. As such, that commandment is almost useless, because we can't exist without killing. We are all killers, whether Catholic, non-Catholic, Muslim, Hindu. Historically, Indians have always killed their children. They've had to because they couldn't afford to feed them. Mrs. Gandhi might want to deny this, but it's an historical fact. Anyway, in Catholic school, I was taught that "Thou Shalt Not Kill" meant any other person or yourself. But that should take proper care of those on a beach and life like drought that women are encouraged to breed even when it endangers their own lives. A close Catholic friend of mine suffered severely from thrombosis through two pregnancies. She was a good Catholic girl who used to be the mother of a baby who she's allowed her life to be put in jeopardy, not once but twice. And now she's in a bind. She really can't get preg-

nant again, it will kill her. Which means, in strict Catholic terms, there should be no more screaming because screaming is supposed to end in pregnancy. The problem is that without screaming, she's going to lose her husband. What this woman has done is have a contraceptive coil inserted by a gynaecologist, how she's probably choosing two or three men a year, and she doesn't even know she's doing it. The coil is killing newly fertilized ones. But the Catholic church acquiesces to this, it tells her it's a matter between herself and her conscience. The contradiction is rampant. The church keeps proclaiming that a fertilized one is a living soul and entitled to live in Heaven and worship God for eternity. If I really believed that it would have women who were having their periods pour body wear down the lavatory because every so often a fertilized one does shed itself in menstruation. So what I want to know is what the church is doing about all those souls who've gone down the lavatory. Nothing, because their physiological knowledge is not equal to their assertions of sincerity. To me, the whole abortion question is simple, in view of the fact that a woman like a man, has one need to save, one body to care for and one life to justify on earth, then the decisions - and the mistakes - should be her's and hers alone.

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Maclean: Do you ever mean being identified with the name's meaning? Do you mean the fact that Joe people know you're a highly respected academic or teacher, a journalist, a broadcaster?

Green: Well, I'd certainly not like to be known as a feminist, then an academic. Most academics I know are expensive, double-bottomed. Anyway, I was always an academic academic. If I could describe my occupation in one word it would be writer. That tells people what I do. If I say feminist, they think I had some organization of women which I don't. People are always writing me letters telling me to tell my girls to do this or that.

Maclean: You are extremely tolerant—at least in actual situations—of people who poke at you or challenge you or sort of all-out to annoy you at your feet. Do you take it as just sensible good manners?

Green: Good manners? I guess, because I really can't stand people doing a number on me in social situations—and people always do. I'm quite bad tempered and I can't bear being attacked at physically or mentally. I usually let it slide though unless I'm protecting a special piece of territory. For instance, my house in London is very difficult to penetrate. There I rule. If people get worried of me—and a large part of my life they do—I have no tips tricks. People who are frightened of me can go in there and trouble.

Maclean: It's understandable why people get frightened of you. Surely you realize you're quite an overwhelming person, both physically and mentally. Still, if you're concerned there must be someone who goes the other way round, who just "don't care of the other's Groucho Marx."

Green: Oh God, yes. Most especially I go to parties and there are people actually walking around whispering "there, Groucho Marx." Then they turn around and go do-do-do do-do do-do and look to the crowd and say "Well, that fucker didn't do it." And I stand there wondering what the hell is going on.

Maclean: What are your current work people?

Green: For trying to raise money for a non-profit documentary I've spent a lot of time in production. I want to explain how feminism, the human race, his manipulated in the 19th century and how it's changed in the past 100 years. I will be manipulated in the future. The film here is called *Childhood*, the second *The Quest for Feminism*, which is about how human beings long to be fertile and how closely their fertility is connected to their deepest feelings and ideas. The third program will deal with the struggle for identity because humans have always wanted to be fertile and infertile at will and have never been quite able to manage it successfully. The fourth is called *Abortion and Fertility*, which will deal with the feminist movement, the changing of social structure. The fifth will describe the rise and technology of contraception and the sixth is called *The Re-*

production Future. It is about the politics of birth control, lower fertility, better babies who shall be allowed to be born.

Maclean: The research you're doing on the first plus must have been frightening, that the fertility of one group could be manipulated without a fertility to think about?

Green: It's happening already. If they determine that you're going to give birth to a grossly malnourished or mongrel child, arrangements are usually made for an abortion or some passive form of killing when the baby arrives. If they said, especially in relation to mongrel children, I



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO DO WITHOUT A PHALLIC RELATIONSHIP. I'M TURNED ON BY MEN

watched a group of them at a zoo recently. There were all kinds of suffering chimera, both sexes, both defects, and I really don't think the people supervising these children could have managed without the aid of the menpods. The menpods seemed to be paired off with the worst most violent children and they took gentle care of them. They watched the hyperactive kids as if they were jump jacks. It was a terrible sight except for the beauty of these gentle mongrel children. To think that there are those who would have them sort of passively merry bachelors is frightening.

Maclean: If you were married to a party, writing, broadcasting, regular in fiction or literature who'd always engaged you to work when you'd always thought who would he?

Green: That's difficult. I once went to a lady-dinner party at Marlene Dietrich in the 1950s. I thought I made the conscious self-knowledge. I'm sure she's the same black silk stockings and garters and silver cufflinks color—put on a cheap platinum-

banding and a geyograph and had a perfectly awful time. But that was a frivolous choice. I think I might like to be Saint Theresa of Avila for a while. She was a great mystic, a very heavy lady. I'd love to know what was happening inside her head. She claimed she stood next to God throughout her entire life, morning, noon and there. Can you imagine? Curiously, I have no desire to be a saint. I certainly wouldn't want to be Shakespeare, but I'd love to be someone standing next to him. I'd rather be Shakespeare or go to bed with him than be him. One long day. I thought I was Byron romantic. I'd read so much about Byron and his contradictions and so on. He seemed to God yet totally denied the idea of God; he was an atheist yet he yearned for the muses and became a leader of the rabble. He died of a broken heart when he discovered the revolution wouldn't work that's another reason I like him. He probably made love to his sister too which is intriguing because I've often thought if I were in a desert island with my brother I'd certainly make love to him. I'd love to, but it's so tragically ironic. I love my brother, my brother is lovely.

Maclean: What do you see for feminism in the immediate future?

Green: More of the same. I see lots of women just coming quietly forward and doing a decent job of work, knowing exactly what it is they want to do and not exposing feminism to happen to a giant organism just exposing to live their lives according to an ideal, to work for it, bring it to the door and in my opinion, I think it's somebody else take over. The "revolutions" can't something that will happen in St. St. 8th floor library next week. It's very nice to think you can find yourself in an instant. It will take a lifetime of working gradually in business and politics and it's terrible in everything—quietly and not so quietly.

Maclean: What about now? Are you happy with your life, the way you have succeeded and achieved lately?

Green: Very, though I'd hardly call myself disciplined. There is no action in my life that I perform every day. I don't even brush my teeth every day. I will write for the popular press but only when I feel inspired by an inspiration which isn't very often. Right now I'm supposed to be doing an article on male models. When I look at it, I thought it would be quite funny. But it's not funny at all. It's dull and now I'm going to have to read down and have to make it funny because I can't make it interesting. But that's the way I write my writing, writing, broadcasting, regular from the book. I don't want to rush into another *Feminist Manifesto* because I don't want to be caught running out predictable little books every ten months. It would be too easy.

Maclean: Do you feel oppressed?

Green: Not really. I don't feel oppressed any way for the now. Let alone the outcome. It's worthwhile just putting it on. In life, in feminism.

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Letters

WELCOMING THE NEW BABY

It has often been noted that a Canadian publication has to be twice as good as an American publication in order to compete with it. After reading the first issue of your new magazine I am sure Maclean's is better than twice as good as the American newsmagazines selling in Canada. Maclean's new content has the best features of a newsmagazine with the best features of a monthly. I only hope that Canadians start reading their own magazine instead of Time Newsweek etc.

BONDIENI ASANTU THE UNIVERSITY OF LETHBRIDGE LETHBRIDGE ALTA

I want to express my appreciation and congratulations on the new format. A magazine of Maclean's calibre is a credit to Canada and I only hope it is strongly supported by all Canadians. Keep up the good work.

E. J. EVELL, REGINA

With the coming of the new Maclean's it will be said you're not to hear the Vietnam war referred to as our war or Arab oil to our main problem. True just has been doing the job of reporting Canadian news with respect to its national, regional, provincial and sufficient Canadian coverage. I hope Maclean's can stay in the black and do a superb job of helping to build a Canadian viewpoint.

LOUIS CROW, GERRARD, BAR

Returning from a substantial absence and picking up all sorts of strands of Canada's reality, I am struck by the embrace and strategic thrust of your new project and the very workability: why you have gone about pursuing it. The new format is fine. I liked the combination of news-

magazine and weekly articles and the balance of domestic and foreign coverage. But I feel there was not quite enough information on the Canadian business scene. There were too many bylines for Walter Stewart. His excellent article, *Southern Food Rockefeller*, was lost in the crink. JAMES R. STARKOV, YORK UNIVERSITY, TORONTO

If the current issue of Maclean's is any criterion of what the future holds in store for your faithful readers, you have reached a milestone in journalism. Congratulations on Canada's own newsmagazine.

E. A. BOGUELAS, LONDON, ONT.

We are really grateful to see a good Canadian newsmagazine at long last. Keep up the good work. We are now eagerly awaiting the time when Maclean's will be able to publish on a weekly basis.

SPENCER HUBBARD AND STUART TURNBULL, TORONTO

Congratulations to all the staff on the first issue of the new Sunday Times and Maclean's arrived in the same mail so comparisons are inevitable. Maclean's goes to the head of the class on writing style and content. I do feel, however, that Times has a slight edge on front cover and on the quality and editing of inside photos. The "people" page in Maclean's seems to lack the clean, professional touch displayed on the rest of the magazine.

These are quibbles. Maclean's has set a high standard for itself and the Canadian reading public and I look forward to the next issue.

HOWARD CHAMBER, BRANTFORD, ONT.

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Thank you very much for the new Maclean's. It's a good start. But I thought you promised 16 pages of news while I learned only seven.

May I suggest a page of Canadian press reviews and a page featuring the best Canadian cartoons to further enhance the magazine?

FRANK L. REIDING, MONTREAL

I want to compliment you on the presentation of the new format. No longer do our newsmagazines have to be imported. Let us make the Canadian flag through the printed word.

JENNIFER GREEN, OTTAWA

I really can't see how Maclean's plans to take over the weekly news scene in Canada. Do we have to go to the extreme with the assimilation theme? We must realize that there's nothing wrong with U.S. news, and that all-Canadian content is not necessarily good. I say tell people what they want to hear.

BETTE MORESON, VICTORIA

Congratulations on Canada's national newsmagazine. The combination of news and features, plus the individual styles of contributors, does indeed ensure that this is not a package turned out by a foreign machine. I found the magazine absorbing, sometimes boring and occasionally Canadian.

A. BARRE GRAY, TORONTO

I thought Maclean's was getting better over the last few issues and now I don't want to read about Hugh Downs and Henry Kissinger as a Canadian magazine. I do want to read Blecher Robertson's and Myra Kornbluth's articles but I couldn't find them in the first issue of the newsmagazine. I hope they're not missing because of the new format. If not, I don't like it.

PAT DENYER, LONDON, ONT.

I've always held a great respect for Maclean's. I liked its own individuality and its attempt to focus thoroughly on individual Canadians and issues. But this, when I opened the "new" magazine and saw the "People" section and the other categories I said, "Oh no, not another Time!"

MARY LOU BOUTLEY, ETC. NOT QUE.

Congratulations on your new Maclean's. I found it very readable and a welcome addition to the magazine scene. In fact, I have even taken out a subscription.


DONALD F. HUNT, GENERAL MANAGER

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Maclean's

Preview

IF CANADA POST CAN'T DO THE JOB, MAYBE SOMEBODY ELSE WILL

Just as each postal strike and lockout perplexed a system that doesn't even work when its employees do, the Canadian Direct Mail Association is seriously planning to set up its own company which would handle all big first-class mail and compete directly with Canada Post. The association has an enormous stake in efficient delivery of the daily mail industry—a part of the advertising industry in effect filling the mails with brochures, catalogues and the like—amounts to about 20% of all mail sent in Canada, where Canada Post strikes, it costs developers about \$15 million a week. The private service, which is quite legal, incidentally, would compete with lower rates, guaranteed delivery, reduced overhead and a smaller work force. The association expects to do a better job but in the mean time, says Canada Post, collected \$176,264,000 on second-, third- and fourth-class mail.

At the helm

For eight years, René Casseaux has led the Social Credit Party, at recent times, he has in fact become the party in the eyes of most Canadians east of Alberta. But though he is only 58, Casseaux is a work man. In debates he has kept his nose over the House of Commons for months, and the old chairman of the bar has been reduced to accom-

pany and short-lived spurts of dissent. The party knows he has to go. It came to that conclusion at a conference near Toronto-Bowling in mid-October. The conclusion, however, created a couple of problems. One is the question of Casseaux: goes the party would be more a viable leader and the Tories would siphon off a large chunk of the faithful. The other is real: Casseaux has no intention of resigning, and if he doesn't go quickly the result can only be a showdown and a possible party split at the 1984 convention in early November. While he may be a beloved figure to some members, he is seen as a liability by younger party activists. Perhaps the most fascinating twist to the whole thing is that Casseaux's most likely successor is his own son, Gilles.

InfoCen: InfoCanned?

When President Trudeau tapped off Thanksgiving dinner across the country with the jolting digestive of his speech announcing wage and price controls, he introduced the federal government would swallow some of the better medicine itself. Now the need to trim Ottawa's own spending may, in fact, provide an excuse to solve one of its longest-standing embarrassments. Certainly before the cabinet is to plan to administer the benchmark to Information Canada, the \$9.5-million monster that has been called Manipulation Canada by Robert Woodward. Propaganda Canada by former vice leader David Lewis and a host by just about everyone else. Ever since Trudeau's nomination in both on April 10th, Dec. 1980, the agency's future has been uncertain. In fact, The Canadian first director-general was Trudeau's good friend, Jean-Louis Gagnon, founding editor of *Le Monde*, which Woodward called the house organ of the Liberal Party of Quebec, certainly didn't help. Mall's dozen directors-general and three cabinet ministers later, Trudeau says it

seems 150,000 questions from Canadians every year at a cost of nearly \$36 million. Presumably the most pressing question is (1) information can trust these days as how to motivate wage and price controls. The one query it does not seem to have a reply to, however, is whether it should get the act. Shoppers deputy director-general Eric Mills, "We'd probably be the last to know."

To the very best drop

In Saskatchewan, for the last month liquor has been flowing like molasses. The provincial liquor board employees are on



strike. The courts are closed and the only happy moments are for politicians and the hoodlums. And what's more, there are indications the strike may become a step: the government, despite its own, \$75,000 a day in resources, is not sure to settle the workers, who are getting only eight dollars a day strike pay. Are being signed by their unions to find new jobs and many are doing so, the liquor board is at a standstill, because it's not sure whether under the Trudeau wage-price guidelines it can even pay the increases it originally offered. The drinking potpourri and presumably the hoodlums (in other words, 20% of getting booze in from Manitoba, Alberta or the U.S. or done without. Others have resorted to bar, which is still

pleasant but if the union should decide to hinder its stand it would throw pocket money around the barroom and cut back off several Aides from private stocks the only liquor available is in the hotels and at the strike ended in full week even they had begun to run out.

Here comes Mr. Reagan

For a man who's a declared non-candidate, Ronald Reagan is making like an incumbent, and Americans within and outside the Republican Party are expecting he'll make his challenge to President Gerald Ford this month. Reagan, ex-movie actor and former California governor, is a big Governor of the state's night wags, which consider Ford a closet liberal. In the past few months Reagan has stomped the country speaking on behalf of local Republican candidates, endorsed with pro-Reagan state committees and established a



Reagan: one for the Gipper?

national campaign headquarters in Washington. He has a resume of sales and advance work, a strategy from Nixon's 1968 campaign and some \$400,000 in the bank for the party which begins with two primaries in New Hampshire and Florida this winter.



Casseaux: all in the family

Canada

BALKING AT TRUDEAU'S 'MEDICINE'



A last bid: in Winnipeg from CPR engineers who are about to be laid off, in Toronto from retired teacher Margaret Miles

Even before the federal government's wage-price control program had been in operation for a full two weeks, it was running into serious trouble. Late last month and threatening to split the country. While business and professional groups such as the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, the Canadian Manufacturers Association and the Canadian Bar Association generally supported the program, labor unions were firing up against it. In the standard was the 22,000-member Canadian Union of Postal Workers (the mail handlers and clerks who went on strike for the third time in five years in support of demands for a 5% pay increase. One behind such a decision of the labor movement. The Canadian Labor Congress representing 19 million unionized Canadian workers called on the government to withdraw the program and said it would bring a "massive walk-out campaign" against it. CPM President Joe Morris advanced all motions but again as if the controls did not exist.

In Toronto, the country's biggest union, the 210,000-member Canadian Union of Public Employees angrily denounced the controls as "anti-union, anti-labor and anti-democratic." "We'll work the goddam streets and our shoes fall off" rather than accept the controls said a delegate to the CUPW convention (Bernard Okonsky). The Saskatchewan Federation of Labor said the program was "designed to use workers as cannon fodder in a fight against inflation."

and vowed to oppose it. Mike Kyjka, Canadian vice-president of the 50,000-member International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers called for "a concentrated, coordinated all-out battle against the program."

The atmosphere of confrontation worried many observers. Said M. J. D. Gandy, president of the Conservative Association of Canada: "We could end up with the sort of civil warfare you have in Britain." Jack Waskin, professor of economics at McGill University, said the social tensions resulting from the controls "could endanger the rule of law." But, he said, at least the government was expressing little concern over the threat of "the whole system falling apart."

In the House of Commons anyway, the government received some formal support for its program. Only the Conservatives and the New Democratic Party (the party of Prime Minister Joe Clark) opposed the program. The Conservatives agreed much of the first two weeks of debate focused on the government's lack of a clear economic plan, which the Liberals so roundly condemned during the 1976 campaign. Conservative Leader Robert Stanfield dubbed the government's economic inaction "for its inaction."

The provincial governments, which called last summer for greater action by the federal government to fight inflation, were paying only lip service support to the program. At a Federal Provincial Forum, Ministers meeting, federal Finance Minister Donald Macdonald pleaded with his provincial counterparts to come out unequivocally for the program but they turned him down. Macdonald's problems were complicated by the vagueness of his federal government's official position in which he referred to the government's measures as "guidelines." A word with connotations of voluntarism, although it was becoming clear that the government can order price and wage controls under the legislation. A week later Trudeau was calling the measures "controls."

The weakness only served to add to the confusion surrounding the program, which is based on a company's plan for wage and price controls that has been around for close to three years. Even though the plan was dated off as recently as last spring when former finance minister John Turner was making his final bid for voluntary restraint, cabinet ministers were unable to answer many questions of detail concerning the program and contradicted themselves on occasion. A flustered Eugene Whelan, Minister of Agriculture, typified the government's economic confusion as he said in the Commons when he re-

ferred to the "anti-government inflation program."

The newly established anti-inflation board (see page 60) was no more organized. Its members list of the country's 1,500 biggest firms—which will be subject to price controls—was prepared on the spot at the moment because it varied but prepared as part of the contingency plan was replaced and included such unlikely candidates for controls as the United Church of Canada. After actually went on to the United Church over board chairman, Ron Lee, Phipps' signature warning that it might be required to notify the board in advance of any price increases. Later the board sought to enter into the United Church to tell it to disavow the list. Officials at the church didn't know what the board was talking about, the latter had been caught up in the mail strike. The early confusion was perhaps inevitable but what drew the wrath of opponents of the program, especially the Star and the Toronto Star, was the fact that the board was talking about the latter had been caught up in the mail strike. The early confusion was perhaps inevitable but what drew the wrath of opponents of the program, especially the Star and the Toronto Star, was the fact that the board was talking about the latter had been caught up in the mail strike.

"The only truly effective part of the Prime Minister's proposals will be the control on ordinary people's wages," said Vice Leader Ed Broadbent. "Most self-employed professional people will have no real control over their incomes, and the federal control mechanism is a sham or a hoax."

The program is quite simple on the wage side. Over the next 12 months, workers will be restricted to a 12% increase in wages at the outside or 24-60, whichever is lower. Some will be asked to work no more than an 8% increase, if they moved ahead of inflation in previous years, and most will be held at 10%. The guidelines will be mandatory for all workers in firms with 500 or more employees, all construction workers in firms with 50 or more employees, and all public servants, whether federal provincial or municipal. As for non-wage forms of income such as professional fees, the limit of 24-60 will also apply. With the program being asked to administer it.

On the price side, the government has devised two different choices. For firms whose products have easily identifiable costs such as auto and steel manufacturers, price increases will be limited to amounts sufficient to cover costs and not more than five percent and distributors, where the cost picture is more complex, there will be a form of profit controls with reference to prices. A firm's cost increase will be allowed to stay 85% of its revenue annual profit over the last five years. There is a major exception, however. A firm will be allowed higher profits if a experienced "normal productivity gain" resulting from the efforts of the firm or its a result of favorable cost developments which could reasonably have been anticipated. Ed Broadbent called this last provision "a loophole to end all loopholes" because it would allow a firm to claim higher profits on the basis of a good.

Broadbent also expressed little faith in the anti-inflation board's ability to crack

The word comes down from on high

Mrs. Gerald Belcher, a former school teacher and now a former wife, advised a common view of Prime Minister Trudeau when he spoke to the media in the black Lehigh hall of Branch 7 in Annapolis, Saskatchewan. "You are the first Prime Minister to make the United States aware of us as a country," she observed with pride. Later, Prime Minister Trudeau concluded that Trudeau's self-proclaimed "crisis" against inflation was "something that had to be done. We're all happy, he started it."

The remarks underlined both Trudeau's potential for leadership, when he heeded the call to action, and the Prime Minister's acceptance of the principle at least that wages and prices must control. Trudeau will find most assets as he continues his crisis control campaign. When his effective measures move through the system, he is almost sure to be hailed behind many quarters that answers. Perhaps saying how crucial his own involvement is, the real Annapolis. "I need the support of Canadians in every part of the country."

The crisis will be the federal government's hand in the balance. There is a strong in the party over his remote leadership. Trudeau also has watched the highest light in cabinet go out in the past two months—most recently a Hamiltonian party leader close to become the loss of the constitutional matters. Pierre Trudeau. The inflation fight, not surprisingly, has become a virtual Liberal election campaign. Finance Minister Donald Macdonald said that the government is in a "no network radio" situation. Last month in one 24-hour period, 11 million letters were in the stamp across the country.

Trudeau's call for "a sea change of attitude" among them in a response to anti-inflationary "Tribune" is a political move. There is the matter of his own right a bright time but on controls since the last election. At one only in 1974, Trudeau denounced Robert Stanfield's refusal to sufficiency to cover costs and not more than five percent and distributors, where the cost picture is more complex, there will be a form of profit controls with reference to prices. A firm's cost increase will be allowed to stay 85% of its revenue annual profit over the last five years. There is a major exception, however. A firm will be allowed higher profits if a experienced "normal productivity gain" resulting from the efforts of the firm or its a result of favorable cost developments which could reasonably have been anticipated. Ed Broadbent called this last provision "a loophole to end all loopholes" because it would allow a firm to claim higher profits on the basis of a good.

Trudeau's own varied life from up to now. In the West he delivered harsh lines about how "Trudeauism" is "free and reasonably. And even more so, it is a movement that exceeds the guidelines. A later in a Toronto speech, the first added a dash of spirit. "Canadians should 'Trudeoize' that spirit of sharing. We have to change our hearts and we have to change the world." Deconstruction from the Canadian

Union of Public Employees, however, were in no mood for charity. "Trudeau must go!" they chanted in secret offices where Trudeau was a well-known figure.

One of Trudeau's most crucial challenges will be convincing the greatest, informal restraining agency of all—the army of consumers who shop for food. Trudeau realizes that controlling prices in some areas could create problems for his program. He stressed, as a result, that people should not look to the anti-inflation board to lower the cost of a can of beans. "We haven't brought in a freeze," he said in Regina. "What we are doing is to stabilize or to control inflation. We're going to get it down to 10% and 15% and 20% the year after that. We're putting a lid on the rate at which your prices are going to go up."

Representatives of business and professional standing private meetings had special concerns but in a certain group of the details of the scheme. In Winnipeg, for example, no one asked how the government would control its own spending and Trudeau's own interest in it. Said James Brown, president of Great West Life Assurance Co. after the session. "The program obviously will lack credibility if all levels of government aren't fully visible in their efforts to control spending."

And all the tough talk on the Prairies from New York Minister John Andrew said a decidedly broad and ambivalent vision only arrived at a Winnipeg bid for a chance to lead—and a brief chat with Trudeau. Trudeau admitted that he was enjoying his intensely lifestyle, no doubt more so now, with Graham on the bank of a tropical island. Trudeau's response was to reply, "I like that. I like to be able to go around the world without people asking me why." Instead, Trudeau plays into more appearances in the Midwest—first in Quebec, then later in November, back in the West after a Liberal party convention in Ottawa.

ROBERT LEVIN



The World

JUAN CARLOS OF SPAIN: ALL THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO WAIT

For men have spent as many years preparing for a job only to have it disappear upon arrival, as Don Juan Carlos of Spain's father, Juan Carlos I, did. He was born in 1938 as a prince of Spain, but his father, Juan Carlos I, died in 1993. He was 55 years old when he became king of Spain. He was 55 years old when he became king of Spain. He was 55 years old when he became king of Spain.



France and his 'Gertie'—27 years after El Gaudin's a knee—and under his thumb

for life against the ravages of globalism. Franco transferred power to Juan Carlos for the duration of his illness. When the gray dictator survived, Carlos was relegated again to political wilderness by the man who once said, "I have him like a son." Now, it appears, the 37-year-old prince will finally realize his promised destiny, thereby restoring the Spanish monarchy after 40 years of repression.

Don Juan Carlos is not an Spaniard; that El Caudillo was exactly of public reaction was not one of grief, shock or consternation. Franco had never gained the love or affection of his people. His rule collapsed through war, but he did not end as a despotic tyrant. He was, in fact, a despotic tyrant. He was, in fact, a despotic tyrant. He was, in fact, a despotic tyrant.

By standards of training education and family politics, Carlos should believe in nothing less than constitutional democ-

may. His father, Don Juan, Count of Barcelona, donated Franco's dictatorship and even while he lived there for 40 years he has continued to call for liberal reforms. "Carlos," as he is known, had the correct royal upbringing, including a British military officer cadet training in the three services and university courses in the law, philosophy, history, economics and politics. He has the poise, and bearing of a military good-looking, but is raised for his charm and intellect, it will be his impos-

sible. Indeed all the outlined opposition in Spain—including the extreme left-wing revolutionaries, the radicals and the workers'—are made movements have been waiting for an opportunity to break the iron grip of dictatorship. Yet few expect the monarch to seize the moment of transformation of power as the best time to advance their cause. For the majority of Spaniards the return to democracy will not inspire any new wave of radicalism or grand political dreams. Rather, they will want to see what the new monarch will do on his own. It seems likely that as Franco lies facing the stark reality of death or emigration, his own hands will be the "fundamental laws"—well guide Spain's immediate political future. BILL ENGLISH ADAMS

SPAIN

All the comforts of home

For those who know the oppressiveness of such a life, the use of a suit and the double silence of the Spaniards, the term "assault" has its special meaning. For the past two years the king of Spain has been living in the hands of his father, Don Juan Carlos I, who is now the monarch of the Spanish monarchy. He is now the monarch of the Spanish monarchy. He is now the monarch of the Spanish monarchy.

Up to now he has been an advisor to his father, and his father has been his father. He is now the monarch of the Spanish monarchy. He is now the monarch of the Spanish monarchy. He is now the monarch of the Spanish monarchy.

It is not easy. When the first monarch of Spain arrived, he was a monarch. He was a monarch. He was a monarch. He was a monarch. He was a monarch.

the heat and the trouble caused that resulted from the Spanish Revolution in 1936. For many months later they were given permanent quarters in an abandoned British embassy in Madrid on the Spanish bank of the river. It was hardly a comfortable situation. The heat and the trouble caused that resulted from the Spanish Revolution in 1936. For many months later they were given permanent quarters in an abandoned British embassy in Madrid on the Spanish bank of the river. It was hardly a comfortable situation.

The king's present problem is a plumbing system that has proved efforts to make a network. Recently accepted advisers were flown in from Greece and now the force is confident that water will be flowing from taps and the floodplain system will do its job. Despite such small maintenance problems, the monarchs are served by other in contingents having the best living conditions in the area. The crown's Spanish staff, for example, is housed in tents. Other people stay in the tent. As a result, morale has not been a problem and some men have even volunteered to extend their two-month tour of duty.

With other troops dependent on them for all vital supplies, the monarchs are in close contact with all the units stationed here—and they are highly regarded. They get along best with the French and the British, many of whom speak good English. French-speaking Spaniards tend to mix with the Serbians, who share the language. But when they get their two-week leave every six months, the monarchs seek together. One favored holiday is the anniversary of the Holy Land on a big Moroccan boat. \$650 is supplied by the Canadian government. Some of the husbands go to Kuwait for missions with their wives, others to the United States. The king's family, for instance, is in the United States for a long time.

Considering the rich range of experience, most Canadians agree that posting here is rewarding in many ways. There is the training of "house" and "country" of the monarchs. The monarchs are expected to meet with the monarchs and to meet with the monarchs. The monarchs are expected to meet with the monarchs and to meet with the monarchs.

It is not easy. When the first monarch of Spain arrived, he was a monarch. He was a monarch. He was a monarch. He was a monarch. He was a monarch.

WASHINGTON

Med dogs and Americans...

There will be a major decision that can pick up movement on the field as far as the U.S. will be involved. The U.S. will be involved. The U.S. will be involved. The U.S. will be involved. The U.S. will be involved.



Send the shepherd who won't get saved

Thus the 2001 U.S. technicians chosen to be sent to the State will have to do the work of the State and the State will have to do the work of the State. The State will have to do the work of the State. The State will have to do the work of the State.

Already, former services and executives have been applying to the State Department for the State Department. The State Department has been applying to the State Department. The State Department has been applying to the State Department.

It is not easy. When the first monarch of Spain arrived, he was a monarch. He was a monarch. He was a monarch. He was a monarch. He was a monarch.

will be using up shop early in the new year, Israel's government was notably reformed. Prime Minister Rabin's son, the American president, the efficacy of the interim peace pact with Egypt. Moreover, the monarchs will be a visible symbol of power and continuity.

Egyptian president Anwar Sadat, on the other hand, has problems multiplying as the interim peace pact with Egypt. The U.S.-inspired pact, with its strong, but achieved as a treaty in Washington, has been a success. The U.S.-inspired pact, with its strong, but achieved as a treaty in Washington, has been a success.

Washington is clearly in a bind. For domestic political reasons the government cannot afford to let the monarchs stay. While Israel remains entrenched in the Golan Heights he can't even be helped to attack his other objectives—American support. The negotiations between Israel and Syria. The negotiations between Israel and Syria. The negotiations between Israel and Syria.

ILLUSTRATION

IRAN

Bourgeois courts the petroleuk

Nine months of intensive negotiations, major events and diplomatic assurances, the timing of Robert Bourgeois's visit to Iran was clearly a success. As he stepped down from his chartered Myrair Jet in Tehran's Mehrabad Airport, there was an air of expectation on both sides that their previous talks of increased trade and joint ventures would finally result in a new agreement.

The stakes are high despite an expected four-billion-dollar deal in oil or revenue this year. Iran still has a huge treasury of petrodollars to finance development schemes, joint ventures and the purchase of U.S. goods. For the U.S., the oil industry is a major source of revenue, and the possibility of supply from the world's second largest exporter. As if to underline the importance of the visit, the Iranian, gave Bourgeois's Premier and his delegation a red-carpet support reception that included a personal wel-

by Italy's Prime Minister, Aasi Abbas Hoveyda, and an honor guard of white-gloved military police.

Later, as a gift to his brother, Hoveyda had to take to his address that Quebec had its own apparatus as well. "We are interested in the growth of production."

In the development of its natural resources and the reinforcement of its commercial infrastructure, "he said, it is clear that there are possibilities of cooperation in many domains which will only benefit our two continents. Romania also had time to stress Quebec's French cultural life, its spirit of "dedication to the French language and culture, and humbly referred to its presence as a septuagitary. It was clear that Hoveyda was a sympathetic and understanding leader. When the French-educated Hoveyda visited Quebec last December, also said he was particularly impressed with the province. As one Italian put it: "The two men discussed they are on the same wavelength." Even then there was talk of joint industrial ventures, hospital construction and training for Italian medical residents.

That may be, so that Romania knows that as a trading partner, Italy has enjoyed an almost extraordinary success in its balance of trade with Canada. Last year Italy bought 560 million worth of Canadian goods while selling approximately \$600 million worth of its to Canadian ports. While he does a chapter to help the trade gap successfully, Romania will undoubtedly rely on closing any future deals on the goods already established through two Canadian projects in full swing in Iran. Both involve the huge Golan Heights complex on the Caspian Sea. Then, for Canadian firm of Shadler, Harter, as the consulting engineers, with Montreal Engineering Co. is involved in the construction of chemical transmission lines and gas pipelines through stations.

Sanitized between the business meetings with foreign emissaries Abbas Ali Khalafab, Iranian, and systems minister Hinkang Amari, and an audience with the Shah at the Nisvan Palace, Hoveyda and his delegation and officials from Iran's cities and villages during his two-day stay. But the highest priority was on developing trade, linking investment dollars and joint projects, arranging for a backdrop of ships. To help Romania took a group of industrial buyers, including Minister Marian Gheorghe, veteran chief Directorate Mahabadi, director general of international relations and Rafael Goma, president of Livid Co. No one is expecting any dramatic trade announcements immediately, but the outcome of Hoveyda's trip is more than clear as the key to any future projects. With that thought in mind the English-language paper, *Telegraph* prophesied: "It will herald a whole new era in bilateral relations, relations be-

ween Romania and Canada." There was little doubt that Robert Boromus had the same potential in mind when, after last December's meeting, he decided to book another appointment with the world's oil baron.

ANDREW BOGOMOLY

ITALY

The abduction epidemic

It's one morning last month, 14-year-old Lorenzo Lapa is merely slowing his bicycle through Milan's rush hour traffic, on his way to school. Within moments, an ugly and all too familiar scenario unfolds. A blue car pulled out of traffic forcing the Lapa boy to the left. There he was grabbed by two men who threw him into the sedan, which then sped off. A few hours later his distraught father publicly



Or America his family had to sell a tanker

agent told Lapa, received his desired cash ransom was to be \$800,000. Lapa does not have \$800,000; he is carrying his home while frantically attempting to raise more, with elsewhere. Lorenzo's family, amidst all doing what they can to help meet his kidnappers' demand. They have begun a campaign to raise an amount to save Lorenzo's life. This another kidnapping unfolded. Italy's form with this year, highlighting a two year reign of terror which has paralyzed the rich and its means and frustrated anxious police across the country.

Between 1968 and 1972 there was an average of eight kidnaps per year, most of them confined to the islands of Sicily and Sardinia, traditional centers for crime. That number soared to 22 in 1973, among them the gruesome kidnapping of T. Paul Green III, grandson of the Arizona billionaire, who was held for five months and had his eye cut out before being released for three million dollars. Last year the number soared to 29.

The kidnapping victims are usually members

of Italy's wealthiest families, families including Bulgari, renowned for jewelry. De Mondes and Genta, millionaires designers of shoes, have been hit. As the numbers are paid, the kidnappers grow bolder. Last year, seven-year-old Daniele Almagno was released when his father of the large Almagno food chain handed over \$4.5 million to his captors. The family of wealthy Rome diplomat Giuseppe di Aracis, who was kidnapped that same year, was forced to sell one of his oil tankers to meet the ransom. For the time being at least, the father of Giuseppe Lucchesi holds the record for payment of Italy's biggest ransom: the Banca Industriali paid \$10 million to get his 12-year-old son Giuseppe back home.

Officials fear Lorenzo Lapa's abduction last month may be the harbinger of a new wave of kidnappings as moderately well-to-do families become targets for the criminals. City and state police, with police officers, they have a dismal record of apprehending the kidnappers even after the ransom has been paid. Part of the problem for detectives is the tacit agreement that has developed between police and the victims' families: give nothing nothing will be done to put the victim's life in jeopardy while he is being held. As a result, police have been able to arrest suspects in less than half of the kidnaps cases on record. Even Italy's still new sentence of 25 years imprisonment for kidnappers has failed to act as a deterrent. In a move based largely on discontent, Senator Gae Italy's Minister of the Interior has proposed new legislation which includes the freezing of bank accounts and other assets of a victim's family, termination of police emergency while can sue organizations take place, and the notification and prosecution of kidnappers' families.

As the wave of extortion continues, the rich and famous are leaving Italy's shores. Senator Loren now spends most of his time in Paris with her two children. Self-known sculptor Giuseppe Marini, whose children were targets of an unsuccessful kidnapping attempt, has shipped them off to a Swiss school. Foreigners on airplanes have stopped up at Canadian and American Consulates in Rome, many from frightened rich families. Predictably, the news is also boosting for security companies. The demand for bodyguards at \$75 a day is recorded only by agents for guard dogs and electronic alarm systems. Any form of protection even measures is a pretty simple. Kidnap attempts in Italy, but frightened families have taken out policies with Lloyd's of London for a value of more than \$50 million last year.

For the moment, there is little hope of a leap in the kidnapping rate. Recently Italy's criminals have demonstrated a nervousness that can only be described as bizarre. No longer knowing themselves to long people, kidnappers recently made off with a couple (ransom paid, \$80,000) and part of the master plot of Federico Fellini's latest film, *Cannibals*.

DAVID WILLY

If it isn't at the party, leave.



This is it.
With the purple label. Not yellow. Not white.
Deep rich purple. Which is very classy.
Good old class. That's it.

J.R. Superstar

WHAT MATTERS TO JOHNNY RODGERS IS NOT JUST DOING IT, BUT DOING IT WELL, NOT SO MUCH WHETHER HE WINS OR LOSES, BUT HOW HE PLAYS THE GAME

By Marci McDonald



Simple tastes: a silver fox ensemble, custom-made, and the biggest Redo there is

Sloppy. He is sloppy and shrewd. A game film flicks through the mind. The field goal attempt sits up and over the Montreal and away and he comes in under it, takes it up in his long slender fingers and starts the run. Up, up, up along the sideline, slipping, sliding, bobbing, weaving, this way, that. They surge at him from every side, testing their 250-pound padded bodies that have been honed to an exquisite basketball edge at his small, neat, wrap of a frame. Charge at him with the butt of helmets glancing in

the run, grab and claw after him, with taped hanks of hairbrush that grow for miles. But they keep coming up with fists full of air. He slips through their fingers, darts past the solar shoulder pads, leaps over the cleared clubs of feet listening the field. Fancy-dancing, flying fast. Just the 30 Now the 40 The 50 At the five-yard line, he looks around and soars into the end zone for a touchdown backward. Yes, backward? A 301-yard run with a lefty reverse-gate flourish at the end? A little something for the people. And the

people go wild. Even opposition fans who've hated for his blood all through the first quarter are on their feet screaming for him. John R. Superstar has done it again. Another 10 or so for the A smash hit in the stadium. Another opening, another choice.

Next time he goes over forward flips and back flips. Flips over flying bodies and catchers, and that is only the half of it. "I got a whole lot of surprises for them," he says, looked, in the three years since Montreal Alouettes wooed him up across the border as the most commanding player in all of U.S. college football, the receiver who scored four touchdowns alone in the 1972 Orange Bowl, Johnny Rodgers has been so full of surprises that he has picked to carry so 30,000 extra fans a game into Montreal's Autostar pulled another 4,000 into whatever place park he plays when Alouettes hit the road. Whenever he roams across the country, side-spread, crisscross country, he carries the reputation of the team. This is a one-man show. Sportsmen's eagles as not only the remarkable passes caught, punts returned and yards rushed, but the outrageous. Prospective critics hate his sports and the price he commands per performance. The most exciting player in the history of the game, they call him. But with an athlete's every instinct, he turns their clichés into an instant reprieve. Just as Ordinary Superstar, he calls himself. There are Ordinary Superstar T-shirts on sale in every game, a line of Ordinary Superstar football equipment is due out any day, and now Johnny Rodgers is turning a rock single entitled Ordinary Superstar!

In a time when sport has become big-time showbiz, he is the country's consummate showman. The Gutterman, par excellence. The Bobby Orr and Hall may have more millions tucked into their

Rodgers and his best friend Maurice Grier are in the middle of a 7.5 million dollar deal for a new movie. Rodgers is also a member of the National Football League's Hall of Fame.



"NO WAY I'M DOIN' IT FOR THE LOVE OF THE GAME... AFTER IT'S ALL OVER, THE GAME DON'T LOVE YOU"

romantic, but who can imagine a Perry Seinfeld kid permanently ensconced in an image that has all the downy-boydom of a hair maffin, being an answering service to coo, "John R. Seinfeld" into his phone? He flirts the term in his conversation, which he has just re-interpreted to make him, he says, "well in excess of three million dollars," a guaranteed \$40,000 a year for life. He intends to hold a press conference on the subject as soon as the Gory Cap is over. He has more than 60 suits in his closets, more than 30 pairs of handmade boots with two-inch platforms on the bottom and his initials in big bold letters on top. When they asked Johnny Rodgers to come pick up his Rookie of the Year award at the Gory Cap two years ago, he showed up in a specially made full-length silver fox coat with matching peaked cap. "I dress for the occasion," he says. "All the world's a stage and each man has his role to play. I play mine to the hilt."

Like the cat of his own mind, the persona behind the personality remains just out of reach. Always slipping and sliding on up ahead. Sportswriters scramble over their superlatives to go his down, but he leaves them trailing because to do it is to be Seinfeld or Suburban Responsible Citizen? Seinfeld or just a poor boy in pursuit of the insurance salesman's Nirvana, security? What, after all, makes Johnny Rodgers real?

The big, gleaming, shiny Rolls-Royce slips noticeably through the rear dorsal vision of Montreal where night is falling, dodging lesser vehicles, derring, in, out and around the busy-extended wheels of not so humble men. Inside the color-coordinated car phone with the big it on top is too poorly at rest, a rare occurrence considering the \$1,000-a-month phone bill. The hot rhythm and blues of Willie Hatch rips out over the stereo. Enthusiastic, the look folks of eyes leister, the man up front behind the wheel is waving philosophical. "I only have one real weakness," says Johnny Rodgers. "It's pretty good. You can't attract me with money coin."

Well, maybe you can money and some cars. But Sam Berger, the Alouettes' 75-year-old patriarch, might be argued to hear it after coughing up this \$40,000 bank of hand-tooled steel as a signing bonus for the seven-year round-trip transportation. The superstar springs on him right in the middle of his



The Entrepreneur and the Athletics. When a new team-buffet himself in doing, he's got to work even harder to live up to it.



Gory Cap season. Then the Rolls he does, not knowing only that it was the biggest the best, the most expensive there was. "Before I got this, I'd never once seen a Rolls," he says. "As a matter of fact, when I saw it, I wasn't that impressed." Still, he made the best of it. He rolled right into the downtown in his jeans and catching hat, pointed at a car and when the salesman asked for a down-right lead so that he required just how he planned to finance it. Johnny Rodgers pointed only a chestnut before replying, "Well, I think I'd pay cash."

"Tried that right out," he says

They family, in all there are nine people dependent on Rodgers' earnings, including sons Daryl and Terry (top) and brother John (bottom) and adopted son John.

"These Rolls people they really want to have this car. It's because of my age and my color. Sure, it is." It is hard sometimes to keep in mind that Johnny Rodgers has just earned 24. There is something sure and seasoned about the seal, right, coiled spring of a fence which maintains it in a stiff. Endurance and 170 pounds, something apologetic about the wrong, handsome black

EXTRA THE CANADIAN NEWS EXTRA

Mc No.1

CANADA XI-MICHELLE

No Charge

GOLD RUSH

In recent weeks, a multitude of reports from varying and widely scattered areas of the country have reached this office all of which make reference to the discovery of Gold Crown rye whiskey. Claims have been made by innumerable persons as to the superior taste, flavour and mellowness of this five year old whiskey. To date, none of these claims have been disputed. Considerable effort was expended in checking out the validity of these reports pertaining to the discovery of Gold Crown, and now this paper can say without hesitation that we are witnessing a second gold rush.

It has now become apparent that the 'Gold' rush of this present day shall not only equal, but unquestionably far exceed that of an earlier time. Upon close examination of the facts, it is evident that there are very definite distinctions between this second 'Gold' rush and the first. To begin with the gold returned to us in this second rush is 'Gold Crown' rye whiskey from Camagrain, product that has attributes not found in any other strain of gold. In any event, both varieties are highly measured by the populace at large.

There is considerable evidence to suggest that a certain bordering nation has by means of force, been attempting to remove from this land that most precious commodity, namely Gold Crown rye whiskey. It would appear that intention is to purvey and liquid Gold to the people of that country. Let it be known that we will not tolerate any further attempts of this nature.

as Gold Crown is in great demand by the populace of Canada and shall ever remain exclusively proprietary. We are not adverse and, in fact, welcome the peoples of this bordering land to share in the smooth, pleasant flavor of Gold Crown while visiting Canada, but we have no desire to see them purvey it in their own land.

It has been brought to our attention that a Mr. Thackeray Stone claims to have discovered 'Gold' while visiting an acquaintance, Miss Enka. Upon making known his discovery to numerous friends, he was dismayed to discover that most of them were already quite familiar with the unique qualities and pleasurable taste of 'Gold'.

Miss Enka Stone would like it to be known to all friends, relatives and acquaintances of Mr. Thackeray Stone that from this moment on they need not be calling on her any further as her supply of 'Gold' has now dwindled to a few precious drops which she wishes to savor for herself.



Featured above is a sample of the pure Camagrain Gold Crown rye whiskey which is said to have propelled this second gold rush.

Hear ye! Hear ye!

Due to the recent rush on Camagrain Gold Crown throughout the territories of Canada, it has been concluded that there may arise shortages of this highly favoured whiskey. The simplest of this bottled gold, namely Camagrain Distillers Limited, would like to state unequivocally that those reported shortages are purely fictitious in nature. And that stocks of Gold Crown are constantly being replenished in order to avoid a national shortage.

head. He has all the moves. The fingers on the wheel flash gold and diamonds like a kid caught out with confetti. But behind the gold-rimmed granny glasses he wears off the field because he can't see distances, the eyes that there are have the knowing gaze of an old, old man. "Those eyes have seen a lot," says a friend.

They have seen his great-grandmother's withered body lying vaulted 75 miles on a Nebraska maverick slab where he had to go one day after school and silently her seen the tense listening Friday night of Omaha's Black north side. At 14 he remembers opening the door into the darkness to face the street

punks coming for him. At 15 he fathered his first illegitimate son, Terry, who with a 10-year-old brother (Dory) and a foster son, John Jr., moved to Montreal last February to live with him. His new family was a tangled mess. There never really was a Mr. Rodgers in his life. That just happened to be the name of his grandmother's current husband when she gave birth to his mother who passed it on when she had him at 16. He tells reporters that he never knew his father—a half-truth. The man named Benny King who sometimes wrote now from Los Angeles for clippings on his son was "a player, a ladies' man," he says. "I never held that

against him. Plus is, he mighta done me a favor for not being there. I had to look to depend on the only person I could—myself."

He was always a loner. A skinny, slinky-boy of a little lad who learned early raising balls down the concrete jungle that he was the quietest, the lowest, a star even in third grade who tossed the hand signals out of himself. When the 40 football scholarships poured in during his last year of high school, he turned down all the flashy California campuses to stay home at University of Nebraska for the point of return. "I didn't want to have to start all over again as a scratch player," he says. At Nebraska, where college ball was practically a basic industry, he was a star right from the first. He had his own three-story house, motorcycle good status in the third-floor party room and a girl friend, who once let him that he couldn't score a touchdown backwards. Next game out, he turned around with 15 yards to go against Minnesota and showed her. He can remember the screaming in the stands. He watched them every game out of the corner of his correct knee. "75,000 of them, all dressed in red, up on their feet yelling like they do for Al's, Johnny's, Johnny's! Run, Johnny, run!" Then one day the police knocked on the door and said a couple of white guys had been bragging about the pass-around, he'd stop they'd pulled with him one night after a football party the year before, drank on vodka, orange juice and cranberry, and there was no place left to run.

"It was a lark," he says. "It wasn't for the money. Hell, it was only \$50,000. Why, that was peanuts to me. I used to buy up all the tickets to a game, sell 'em for \$50, party all weekend, get up the whole lot and still have \$1,000 left over. I made a neat living, plus I used to gamble—played cards, dice and stuff. And I always won. Once me and my cousin we made ourselves a couple of grand. And that was only \$80. I didn't really feel it was wrong. But you know, that garage thing has bothered me. It was very cold-blooded. Before then, I had 100,000 dollars on that suitcase. After that I had maybe an \$1,000 to start. Zip. Everything I had built up in my whole life from the third grade they wanted to take away from me. It's something that will be with me a long time."

In a way, it still is. Despite the two years' probation he got, "even time," he says, "The Man watches me. Because of that and my affiliation with my friends. See, you could tell me a guy here or a girl I know is a pimp or a prostitute and it might be news to me. They were taken' about me after I dope here a year ago. Now what do I need to tell dope for? I went to there and I said 'Look, I'm straight. Don't get on me.' But I've taken quite a lot of good from a bad thing. It made me look up and be careful. They

BUY NEW CANADA SAVINGS BONDS

New Canada Savings Bonds—one of the best things you can do with your money. They offer you a great combination of security, income and flexibility.

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Teacher's is a truly outstanding Scotch smooth and subtle—all you would expect from a great Scotch Whisky. Its high malt content has long been appreciated by true Scotch-lovers around the world. Distilled and bottled by Wm. Teacher's and Sons Ltd., Glasgow, Scotland.

No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's.

Now's the time for Burke's.

The all five year old Canadian whisky that's finally come of age.

With today's prices going up and up, isn't it nice to know that you can get the taste of a great all five year old Canadian Whisky for a lot less than you expect?

Burke's Canadian Whisky. Carefully aged and blended to give you the mellow, smooth taste only our all five year old can deliver.

Burke's. The all five year old Canadian whisky that's finally come of age.



Agencies: A. F. Signorini and Rose Ltd.

made me be sharp. They made me grow up fast."

He is wheeling the car along when the reporter beside him suddenly notices a small color photograph in a gold frame squaring on the splintered dashboard. The misadventure of the self-proclaimed teen god, Guru Maharaj Ji, is staring out. The supermodelist is Johnny Rodgers' apartment building turned him into the guru, then a lady whom he calls a sister "give him knowledge" in a Quebec City suburb. Now he meditates when he can fit it in, sometimes right in the Rolls and he has found the results nothing short of miraculous. "With me and Guru Maharaj Ji, I can't go wrong," he says. "Ever since I got this knowledge, all these good things have been happening—all these deals." Suddenly on the split frame of a second, he flips the wheel and veers the Rolls down the oncoming lane of traffic into a hotel driveway, flailing away himself a bathroom door around the block. He is alone, still a prepubescent. "You know, a lot of people, they're down on Maharaj Ji because he has all these things like I have," he says. "These are people who've got him to come back on a white destiny. But this is 1200 B.C. This is 1975. He's supposed to have a Rolls."

Deep in the discreet smoky shadows of a French restaurant called La Halle, elegant couples are murmuring over the copious plates of sautéed omelette or lobster au gratin, but out at the doorway the reporter is going temporarily unrecognized. Maharaj Ji, the blond beside him, has to soothe the liquor. She introduces him to the manor of who does not follow from him, but the manor of laughter instead. "Maj, out! The one with the fur hat!" he cries.

On this particular evening, however, the rabbit has been left at home. Johnny Rodgers is tossed-down and spiffed up in a tailored powder blue cord suit, black shirt and shell necklace—harden and oozing machismo—the salience of the chic. Maharaj Ji is a petite, bespectacled and 36-inch, once-divorced and much-invested and very, very French. For nearly two years now, she has served as secretary, power of attorney and not necessarily gift friend to the Ordinary Superstar. There are other gals, including a 30-year-old black woman named Nola, she knows. Sometimes he doesn't like her to the muffled blue and white pillows of her apartment bedroom till 7 p.m. But when he does there is always fresh-squeezed orange juice waiting, warm sheets and fresh lobster or escargot served up with a fresh flower on a gold bed tray should he desire them. No re-motivators. "It was always my dream to be the woman behind a great man," she says. "He came in a gift to me." In return, she tries to give him a few things herself. A solid gold in pinky ring to replace the missing diamond bangle he once lo-

100 mph. 0-50 in 8.4 seconds. 45 mpg.

100 miles per hour? We obviously don't recommend it, but as you're about to get on to a hectic Expressway, it is nice to know that the new Volkswagen Rabbit Hatchback has incredible acceleration. With its 4-speed gearshift, from

0 to 50 in only 8.4 seconds 45 miles per imp. gallon? That's what the Rabbit averaged on the highway in the 1975 model U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's fuel economy tests using its manual transmission. The Rabbit in city

traffic averaged a nifty 28 miles per gallon. Rather remarkable for a compact with all the interior room of a mid-size luxury car.

Happy days are here again? We think you'll think so after you've driven the new Volkswagen Rabbit.



 **rabbit**
Happy days are here again.

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"I still can't believe all this was ours for 2 weeks, for only \$16 a day."

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from Jamaica to Canadian cuisine. On the average, figure on food costing only about \$7 a person per day. And a bottle of rum under \$5.00.) "Tomorrow we felt like going out, so we did. The island is so beautiful. Every morning was like a different holiday." (Just outside your villa, Jamaica beckons. With nightclubs, dunes, fishing, tennis, golf, horseback riding, pleasure tours, raft rides, even visitor matches.) "I really loved Jamaica." (Thank you.)



"Here we are in the dining room. Dining and dining and dining. Great food as every day with gourmet meals. Including 5 course Jamaican feasts. I'll tell Andy good 'ol JBs."



"We all went to a vibrant Jamaican market where Gwen buys all the fresh, delicious produce for the week. Pine apples, papayas, fresh fish. Andy didn't want to leave."



"Me in our divine bedroom. We all had beautifully decorated bedrooms and baths. Very nice. Very private. Gwen was told me of our honeymoon suite. Andy and he could remember."



"Good news. We met Richard's ex-boy and his wife on the beach and invited them back to our villa for drinks. We just waiting for them to arrive. Especially Richard. He told them he loved the place."



"This was one of the local firemen who were in. Andy putting his back out doing the bawlon dance. Except for him, the entertainment was terrific."



"One of the super beaches we stopped at on one of our outings. We rented a bus, had a lunch picnic, and just laid around all afternoon. Another absolutely perfect day."

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word, a haven in the storm, and now, having persuaded him that we really can have just as good without an ice cube, a gentle edge toward the Chablis on the west list. "I appreciate the host," he says. "Whatever the host, French, English, black or white. It's the best, the happen, you just show me. I'll do it. I want to be here."

Still, there are those who keep asking why Johnny Rodgers didn't take his coveted Heisman trophy in the best U.S. college football player and do the biggest thing of all: join the National Football League. "Money?" he says with a mass of his fish knife. "My friends they're into money. But it's a bigger thing for me to have success." He was first-round draft choice of the San Diego Chargers when Montreal went off first. But the Chargers misjudged. "When they come to me," with me at first I was in only jail for 30 days for drink without a license," he says. "And they thought they had my back up against the wall. They offered me \$100,000 over three years. And I was asked for \$300,000 a year. They were real cool to me. It was like they were doing me a favor. Well, I was doing them a favor." Instead, he came up and did Montreal the favor in return for \$100,000 for each of three years—at the time the latest-out contract in the history of the CFL.

When he showed up sporting the ribbed and the hog's snout of publicity, just 21, there was a lot of women on the scene. Some of it lingers still, not helped any by the fact that he refuses to join the Players' Association and fleeced his nose in the all-star game. "Why should I go out there and get my body punished for \$200?" he says. "They say it's for the pension fund, but I did a little research and as a African player up here on an over age last a year. Now the bill is he gonna collect a pension? I consider the way own pension plan. They're ripped on, and I act on my part protected for this. If I go along—and I'm the best, the highest paid—then the others, they have to go along too. They don't understand. I'm trying to do them a favor."

In particular, his leadership has been lost on the Alouettes' white quarterback from the South, Sonny Wade, who is no secret, secretly overthrows Johnny Rodgers the ball. His plays always seem to come when black jerseys down in the game. "I know Sonny Wade doesn't pass to me," he says. "I know what's in his mind. But me and Henry we do alright. We like to be very flamboyant. We like to show off, be very cool-headed, open up the game. This is how you add more excitement. That's what I keep telling 'em. We're professional professional professionals. What else is it but a show? I'm a dancer, like—I'm a little different than the non-up-the middle class. I have something to offer. I'm rich myself and my services to you and I want success in all aspects. I've not done this

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In the parking lot later, Henry looks as if it may repeat itself when a car is a

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hile nothing of a car pulls out and out of the Red. Johnny Rodgers does a slow burn to the spotlight where he pulls up parallel, ups down his window and waves a bucket. "You tell some guy if this happens one more time, he's got trouble," he shouts at the nervous girl passenger. "You tell him he's a no-good punk."

The next day Johnny Rodgers makes a clumsy appearance, shaking hands with folks laid out in a shopping center bleeding for the good of humanity into little plastic bags. He is relaxed, affable, gracious. There aren't many people bleeding on this particular afternoon, however. Finally an organizer suggests a handwritten analysis to divert him. Johnny Rodgers is required to write in five lines what he'd do with \$500,000. "That's easy," he says. "Demand it to be paid." Cause you get publicity for this plan you can get the deductable? As Michelle notes, the superstar stayed in school just long enough to learn to add. He never did graduate, though, after winning the Houston—struggled off his 22 credits to go, hit the post with the trophy and a little basketball endorsement called the Johnny Rodgers All-Star and cleaned up his \$20,000 worth of debt unpaid. Now he struggles over the scrap of paper for the longest time. "I love sports," he shakes his head. "All nobody wants in mind. Kudos crowd around to ask him about the chances of winning the next game. "You just watch," he waves.

Two days later, the Alouettes go down drizzily in Winnipeg, 20-17, and he makes himself off the field. He has had the ball only once once on a Winnipeg post return and once then he makes a magnificent run, darting and weaving up the sideline for 76 yards. Still, Michelle seems trouble in the main outside the red dressing room door and not just from Nola and another girl who are also barking there. "He's a terrible loser," she warns. When he emerges in plaid pants and vest, white blouse and the aluminum nibbler upon his head, he is steady-eyed as a time bomb. He picks his own family in the Red, two sisters in the front of Michelle's battered old Vega with the shattered windshield, the non-conquering hero, and rides in silence.

Back at the apartment, Michelle has rented a small party, but Johnny Rodgers stays in the kitchen, sipping white wine and coming to a boil. "They want to show they can do without me," he warns into a trade. "They don't want me to get all the glory when they don't understand I already got all the glory and I'm just gonna be brought 'em along with me." They don't want anybody to be a stand-out star. Statistically it shows that when I do sell the team does well. Why they don't just let me be the hero? They adore me and then they hold me back so I don't get as much publicity as I should be getting. But the people, they don't under-

stand I'm been' from out. They just say 'Oh, he's not standin' out.' I want to earn my money. I want to build up my status for the Schittley. I want to deserve my superstar status. Hell, maybe I just said 'you my name'."

There is local funky rock on the stereo and one of the team's running backs is rubbing patience with his imported girl friend in the living room. A double of underwear employment called Lawrence across flushing a three-piece sporting suit, gold rings and a Fedora with a flower-etch from that he keeps on at all times.

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE AND EACH MAN HAS HIS ROLE TO PLAY—I PLAY MINE TO THE HILT'

He pulls a white peaked cap low over the head's eyes. Johnny Rodgers is winding down into the stand and starts hanging to the music, when suddenly somebody asks a reporter in the corner if she has figured out yet what makes Johnny Rodgers run. She has no answer. Only the scrap of paper she has been lying on Michelle's dressing table where an ordinary Superior who calls himself the best, the greatest, never a self-doubt, has scribbled in an awkward and pained hand, "When I find the answer to who I am myself, I do promise you to join me."



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How America wires the world

WHEN BREZHNEV
PHONES KOSYGIN,
THE NATIONAL SECURITY
AGENCY LISTENS IN

Thirteen miles northeast of Washington behind layers of electronic fence and barbed wire are headquarters for America's best-kept secret. The 30,000 people who work there call it the "Purple Palace." From within its walls an array of spy-to-hoax spies eavesdrop on the world. They have heard Alexei Kossygin crying and Leonid Brezhnev endorsing his supper. This is why—the National Security Agency. It has a budget in excess of \$1.2 billion a year. That is more than Congress or the State Department or the Central Intelligence Agency, yet no one outside NSA and very few inside know how the money is spent.

Now, for the first time in its 15-year history, NSA's cloak of anonymity is beginning to slip. The Select Committee on Intelligence under Senator Frank Church, which exposed assassination plots and foreign plunder within the CIA, has now turned its sights on NSA. Although, as it has already discovered, NSA is a much harder nut to crack. Public hearings are scheduled to open at

10 a.m. on October 6. At 2 p.m. on October 7, the committee will called into executive session and addressed by a talent-lacking Attorney General Edward Levi. He came with a message from President Ford urging the senators to probe no further. Whatever he had to say, it must have been convincing, because the committee postponed its hearings indefinitely. Apparently, the White House considers NSA secrets far more valuable than those of the CIA, and it seems likely that when the hearings are reopened the information they yield will be on the wily-wacky side. Still, a useful contrast about NSA has been leaked—in the post-Watergate era, leaking government secrets is the vogue—and it casts some light over the walls and wires of the headquarters building on an rather gloomy farmland just off the Baltimore-Washington Parkway at Fort Meade, Maryland.

NSA was established in 1950 to make and break codes, to intercept foreign communications, decipher them and inform the

U.S. government what friend and foe alike were saying behind its back. In more recent administrations it is believed to have broken into embassies all over the world, stealing cipher machines and microcoded code books. It has evolved into a giant vacuum cleaner, sucking in messages on a global scale and flung them away at a rate exceeding one hundred tons of paper and tape per day. It does less work in a copy of this article as it is now being leaked from Washington to Toronto. From pickup points in the Himalayas it intercepts coded conversations between Chinese army posts, translates them back to Maryland, deciphers them almost instantaneously by computer, translates them into English and has them in the hands of an analyst only seconds after the soldiers have finished speaking. Anyone who has seen NSA at work says its technology is astounding.

In a stark Spanish restaurant, a U.S. Marine walks from the White House. Walter Pech is looking into a plate of macaroni and mushrooms, believing NSA. He had found out a few minutes before in the cramped, divided offices of the Intelligence Documentation Center Inc., a half-way organization of disillusioned former spies—ex-

By Bill Lowther



The "watch" on Kossygin: he can't even order a sandwich without the NSA knowing it

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CIA, FBI, Secret Service and NSA agents—who are analyzing the effects of intelligence agencies on the American public. They are in odd lot. As Pech puts it: "I'm very pro-American—and all of us involved, we consider ourselves without getting policy about it, to be patriotic. It's just that this country is not what it's supposed to be. It's not what it was at the founding of the Constitution. Some're in a lot of ways trying to get back to our roots. We're hoping to change the system so that it does serve the people's interests."

For four years Peck worked as an analyst with the Air Force Security Service, a branch of NSA. He had been stationed in Turkey when he saw rounded the Russian consulate of a Soviet courier who couldn't get a parachute to open and flew down his parachute during reentry. "Kosygin called him [the courier] personally. They had a radio phone conversation. Kosygin was crying. He told him he was a hero and that he had made the greatest achievement in Russian history, and that they were proud of him and that he would be remembered. The guy's wife got on too. They talked for a while. He told her how to handle their affairs and what to do with the kids. It was pretty awful. Toward the last few minutes he began talking apart, saying, 'I don't want to be. You've got to do something.' Then there was just a scream and he died. I guess he panicked."

Peck is 28. He is short and stocky with black curly hair and a mustache. He talks easily in a rambling style about the secrets he pledged never to reveal, but his confidence is clear because he believes that what he is doing is right. He would soon be sent to Fort Meade, a Coast 12 installation. "If you had me arrested and put on trial, and of course they could, they would be harrasing that everything I say is true, and there would be the possibility of additional information coming out. Their attitude is to ignore me."



THE V-C BEAT NSA'S VAUNTED 'SNIFFERS' BY HANGING BUCKETS OF URINE IN TREES

According to Peck, NSA has a treaty with Canada, the United Kingdom and Australia to exchange information picked up by monitoring other nation's communications. Canada has the greatest responsibility for "over the pole" messages. This is looked after by the Department of National Defense which took over in April from the communications branch of the National Research Council. NRC had an

office in the NSA's Maryland headquarters building. Also in that building are the offices of NSA's three American military affiliates, the Air Force Security Service, the Army Security Agency and the Naval Security Group. Although they are on the Pentagon payroll, they are under the NSA command. When NSA says it has only 20,000 employees, the people who work at Fort Meade, it isn't lying. Neither is it covering the 150,000 to 200,000 other men and women who, though they actually work full time for NSA, are on the books of the armed forces.

Peck's first posting was an Air Force Security Service analyst was to Turkey where NSA listens in on the Soviet Union. "While I was over there the K.G. pulled quite a

trick on us. They set up a communications link between five cities in the Soviet Union—not very important cities, although a couple of them had major military establishments. It was a computer-generated talking with computers. They had a fabulous system, about 120,000 messages per second. It took us months to even figure out what city was the control. We finally got it because it came up one twenty-seventh of a second faster than the other four whenever something was said. Huge sums of money were spent on this project, trying to decode the message and understand the system. Civilians were even sent into the field. In the end we decided that the Russians were just fooling. They were wanting us to spend money and to focus and worry about a worthless hink-y. They were dumping our resources. And you know, the big trick was that the five cities involved were scattered geographically, in the shape of a Pentagon."

Peck first went out on the agency when he was transferred to Vietnam. He says that NSA consistently past the Pentagon and President Nixon information that was up-to-date. "They were just lying to the Americans people all the time. They were lying and, of course, we knew it better than anyone. But we couldn't do anything about it because of all this money. You couldn't talk. You couldn't tell anyone. I worked directly for me, that's the Airborne Radio Direc-

tion Finding unit. Our job was to find out just where the Viet Cong were. Our main quarry was to find convoys, the Central Office of South Vietnam. That was the Viet Cong headquarters. When Nixon announced the invasion of Cambodia, he said he was going after convoys. Yet everyone in NSA knew very well that convoys had never been in Cambodia, it was in Laos. And Nixon knew it was in Laos. He just wanted to use that rationale. And again we had to remain silent. There were surely men among some of the NSA types."

Although NSA knew approximately where convoys were it never could get close enough to the B-52 bombers to wipe it out. They had rigged up a simple device with a microphone and were stretched out for miles through the jungle in various directions. They had antennas running up the trees. They would broadcast from their headquarters, but every few minutes they'd throw a switch and change the point from which the radio waves were coming. First we'd locate it 25 miles in this direction and then 10 miles in that direction, and so we'd never know exactly where they were. They were bogging us with this kind of switch-board device that cost about five dollars. It was beating the location and monitoring computers fitted into our planes. And I was told the computers cost more than four million dollars each."

The Viet Cong beat NSA again when it began using a listening device known as a

"people sniffer." This particular piece of technology could "sniff" out people at a great distance. It had enormous potential for finding guerrilla fighters hiding in the jungle. What it actually sensed in was urine, not people. "It worked really well at first until the Viet Cong realized what was going on," says Peck. "Then they simply went around hanging buckets of urine in the trees and our soldiers would go for miles with these snifflers seeking them out. Again, the solution cost a fortune, and they were technically masterful. But the Cong beat us and all they had were buckets of pee."

Nowhere is the curious American habit of using words as words more pronounced than within NSA. The whole nature of monitoring messages is known within the secret circle as intercept, or Signals Intelligence (SIGINT), in form, is divided into three areas. There is cryptart, or Communications Intelligence, which monitors radio, telephone, computer, or other forms of messages sent between two or more parties. This is almost entirely traffic analysis, rarely do they listen to or bother to read what is said. They are more interested in knowing who is talking to whom, for how long, and with what promises the messages are sent. Next there is ELINT, or Electronic Intelligence, which monitors foreign radar and missile-fire equipment. On a 24-hour-a-day basis NSA knows at most pinpoint accuracy the location of all Soviet planes and

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steps. And, finally, there is SACENT, or Radar Intelligence, which uses American radar systems to collect information.

Another former agent who doesn't mind talking about the "Purple Palace" in Poland McGurkey says spent eight years deciphering Chinese codes and radio messages before he left for the CIA which is where he got his "because I did this and that" in turn he got to go to Vietnam.

McGurkey was working with NSA when the American Embassy in Moscow recently notified Fort Meade that Koryagin and Dezhnev along with other Politburo members had new high-powered radio equipment in their cars. A special "highly directional" antenna was believed to be in the cars. The NSA sent out a lot of high velocity and relay their heads.

Maryland "We were able to track the personal accounts and young of men like Koryagin and relay their what they were ordering for supper but, much more importantly, about upset and political changes that were taking place inside the

In his book, *1984—The Myth and the Madness*, McGraway says NSA's communications intercepts "lie beyond the imagination of most laymen. I would judge it to be upward of a hundred times of paper a day round the radio and more cords of electronic communications intercepted by NSA." Retired Air Force Colonel L. Fletcher Pinney says the agency can listen to "any radio transmission, any telephone conversation and can intercept any teletype which a computer which is programmed with 'voice patterns' and thus can cope with the particular conversation it wants. Similarly, it can program the computer to pick out certain trigger words such as 'Russia' or 'Soviet.' And apart from this type of word-hungry unit, the agency employs a number of 'mindless' devices which listen all day to tapes waiting for certain sounds other than words, such as 'clanging on glass' or 'a telephone dial' or 'a gun shot.'"

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in my collection. But the principal discussion with regard to intercepts was not fundamentally related to the request of NSA."

In July of 1950 Hinton wrote a memo to the President marked "top secret." In it he said "These machines should be modified to permit procurement of vital intelligence from foreign cryptographic material. Also present machines should be modified to permit selective use of this technique against other targets and in high priority internal security targets. Use of this technique is clearly illegal, it amounts to burglary. It is also highly risky and could result in great embarrassment if exposed. However, it is also the most feasible tool and can produce the type of intelligence which cannot be obtained in any other fashion. NSA has a particular interest since it is possible by this technique to secure materials with which NSA can break foreign cryptographic codes. We spend millions of dollars attempting to break these codes by machine. One successful interception entry can do the job successfully at no dollar cost." Later in the memo Hinton adds: "The fact, in Hoover's younger days, used to tend on such operations with great vigour and with no exposure. The information secured was invaluable."

Laurance-Greene Low Allen Jr. (DIA) assumed command of NSA in August 1975. He has a PhD in nuclear physics. He is a former pilot and graduate of West Point. He is a 50. Senator K. Ruffin is the number two man, and he has been with NSA since its inception. We have a way of knowing how they make their decisions or why they run NSA the way they do. Because they never in any misstatement give interviews. If they did they might be asked about Patrick McGarry's claim that NSA is spending \$180 million a year to store the tapes of all Soviet communications—even though the codes will never be broken and the messages are so old and so irrelevant that they could have no possible use. NSA officials regularly call in at college campuses near the end of term looking for recruits. Those seeking jobs are told very little about what they are likely to be doing. One such applicant later complained in a Congressional oversight that during his interview he was strapped to a lie detector in a room with a mirror covering one wall. He was told that he was being photographed through the mirror. Then he was asked a string of extraordinary questions, the last of which was: "Please write down the name and address of at least one person with whom you have had a recent relationship." Called to task by the committee, NSA officials explained that they were only trying to determine the applicant's loyalty to government.

In 1938 when Henry Saxton became Secretary of State, he closed down the mail code-breaking office that America was once running. As he explained: "Guatemala did not send such code's mail." We've come a long way, baby. ☺

July 23, 1918.

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FOR A YEAR BASFORD PLOTTED HIS RETURN FROM POLITICAL LIMBO, AND WHEN TRUDEAU DECIDED TO DEAL WITH LAW AND ORDER RON WAS THERE WITH THE WAYS AND MEANS By Robert Lewis

The television lights gleam off Ron Burford's bald head as he squints into a wall of microphones outside the Cabinet Room. The new Minister of Justice hunkers down, his brows furrowed into bushy ridges, in anticipation of the predictable volley of questions to come. A abortion? Dr Henry Morgentaler? A Montreal child's death in a bank shoot-out? Burford shuffles on his feet, tracing his responses in such calculated and elliptical patterns that they are unusable—unused, in fact—on the national news that evening.

Backed is the architect of the government's "peace and security" policies, "a package that demonstrates to citizens, and particularly to police forces, that the law is there to be observed. These are things other than capital punishment that are deterrents."

out of away 10 Canadians from hanging. Thus, if Bedford is able to oversee the abolition of capital punishment, it may be at the cost of a less humane penal system. Already, the climate of public opinion has caused a delay in the Canadian Penitentiary Service's building program. As com-



Eastford, wife Madeleine, children Daniel and Megan: he occupies himself with "motherhood" legislation, while his spouse questions motherhood itself.

Trudeau Liberal cause in BC although Trudeau had made Senator Ray Perrault the chief federal legislator in the province. This political move resulted in such a backlash from Trudeau's realization that in British Columbia he had a political of considerable talent. Stanford has always taken pride in being a professional politician.

As a kid growing up inside the Red River in Winnipeg, he was exposed to the British Tory ideals of his father, who was city auditor. "My father was what you might now call the old school," he recalls. "He believed people should make a contribution to society." The Barfords lived next

door to Ralph Maybuck, the strong federal Liberal son, and in Maybuck the young Barford saw a positive role model—"a politician," he portrayed a very high image." During the conception crisis the Barfords and the Maybucks argued opposite sides. From that catalogue, however, Barford moved away from the Tory position and came to sit in as "a very Weyburn of Canada which I realized was not what Canada was all about." His father died when Barford was 12. The youngest of five children, he moved to BC with his mother and an aunt in whom she then a fairly typical migration for Prairie people. During high school in Comox, he became

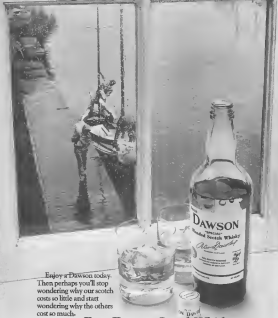
president of the student council and worked part time in a hardware store to supplement the family income. "But we weren't poor," he maintains with a note of lingering pride. After moving to Vancouver — Comox was, he says, "in many ways a lovely place to live, but I didn't see a great future there"—he enrolled in a double degree program at the University of British Columbia, earning a BA and a law degree by the time he was 24. In his first year on campus he joined the Liberal club. Philosophical differences with the Tories made, he concluded that "the Liberals appeared to be going places and the Conservatives were going nowhere." After some foot-slogging he became president of the USC Liberal club and later western vice-president of the Canadian University Liberals.

Students of the era who disdained campus party politics tended to view such marginal participation in the big leagues with suspicion—mainly because the participants took it all so seriously. But Barford was one of the few who persisted. After being called to the bar in 1957, he joined a firm as a junior solicitor, dealing with wills, land transfers, trusts, estates and mortgages. Two years later he formed a partnership with a cousin, launching a general practice that included everything but criminal law—a fact that makes Barford a rather novel justice minister today most have come from blue-blooded firms or, like ex-son-in-law, from academia. All the while, he continued to work for the party and by the early 1960s had worked himself into a slot on the BC Liberal Association.

In 1962 the party was getting nowhere in finding a candidate to run against NDP incumbent Tom Berger, in Vancouver-Burrard. Both John Young, who later headed the Prices and Incomes Commission, and Jack Davis eventually a Liberal cabinet minister, declined invitations. Barford got the nomination by default, but lost the election to Berger by 64 votes—after making a nervous, better, a chairman of Barford's, is now a judge (appointed by former justice minister John Turner), and heads up the study on the impact of the Arctic pipeline on the North and on native peoples. "He worked like a man and was a good son," Barford says of Berger. "But I was back there working hard, too." It paid off a year later. In the 1963 election, Barford won the seat by 2,032 votes.

On arrival in Ottawa he plunged into an active career as a backbencher, crisscrossing into six of 14 standing house committees. He was chosen to succeed the deputy in the speech from the Throne one of those little honors that means so much to government members on the make. After reelection in 1965, his visibility continued to increase. He brought in a private bill (which never passed) that would have forced the government to crack down on professional sports monopolies. In 1966, he was named co-chairman of a joint committee on con-

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never credit with Senator David Creft, finally achieving what all ambitious men want: a specialty area and a platform. His stock in newspaper news and perhaps not surprisingly, supported John Turner's leadership bid in 1968 (at the time Turner was Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs with some political links in fact). As columnist Doug Fisher observed of Bedford's early days in Ottawa, "I cannot recall anyone ever reflecting on whether Bedford was clever. It's not a matter you raise about anyone so brilliant and sensible as one of himself. Judgy Joe was always making it a hobby with a forward bias never providing those 'too engaged for moderation' He knew where he was going."

For a while just before the 1968 election Bedford had the "sinking feeling" he was going nowhere as he watched his riding disappear in the redistribution of seats. But after John Nicholson left the Trudeau cabinet to become Lieutenant Governor of BC, there was a laying on of hands and Bedford took over Nicholson's seat. Vancouver Centre, a riding that is almost Canada in microcosm. It includes penitentiaries for men, women and kids, road, the business establishment and Chinatown. Riding the crest of Trudeauism, Bedford was his seat in 1968 by 14,775 votes, his largest margin in federal politics.

The consumer and corporate affairs department had been relatively inactive, with Turner preoccupied by the leadership campaign. When Bedford was named to the portfolio after the election he played into the task of giving the minister some visibility. Following some cabinet debates, he became a spokesman for consumers. He personally wrote a healthy check of the bill regulating hazardous products, which became the government's first action on behalf of the consumer movement. Indeed, in 42 months on the job he was responsible for a dozen legislative measures.

His most significant bill which would have empowered the government to prohibit corporate mergers, proved to be his downfall in the portfolio. The government withered in the face of a potent lobby by such blue-chip companies as Sealed Air, Noranda, Eaton's, Sunbeam and most of the country's newspapers. The Liberal cabinet on the competition bill should have come as no surprise to Bedford, well aware of the party's close ties with business but he was nevertheless furious. "It was very disappointing and bitter," he recalls. "What really pissed him was the fact that many of the bill's opponents had been down and already under weaker, coming out to lead legislation. "There were mistakes in drafting," says Bedford, "and it should have gone to the country not to the business community, for support. Economically, it was the wrong time. It's much easier to do it now." (In fact last month the House of Commons finally passed a new competition act, watered-down from the Bedford scheme.)

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Playing together: "Tory," Basford once slipped, "to leave the office at home."

Of his move from Consumer Affairs to Urban Affairs in 1972 Basford says only "I would have been happy to stay where I was." At Urban Affairs, he inherited the rather hopeless task of administering an area largely in provincial jurisdictions (plus responsibility for Canal Mortgage and Housing Corporation, basically an independent shag). Under Basford there were improvements: a neighborhood improvement program, more consultation with citizens and approval of a major new conference on human settlement which will take place next year not surprisingly in Vancouver. He also approved the controversial appointment of developer William Tait as head of Civic. It was reported "he says, 'I'm here to help the poor and the rich.' He knows both the good and the bad." He had been in Urban Affairs for 30 months when Treadwell moved him to Revenue where he muddled his business and looked to the future. He had an inkling of better things to come even before Treadwell said he was moving to Justice. He had performed ably during the Treadwell government's first normal cabinet term, as at a Canadian Hills retreat in the fall of '73, merely because he so put paid to informal discussions. He had raised the second such session because of his illness. In advance of the third session last September he, however, he prepared a strong presentation on the Law and order issue, working with a network of personal political advisers. He argued effectively that the government should make the "peace and security" issue a priority along with the economy in the next session. But all very much the Prime Minister, he was informed when Treadwell offered him Justice. When his wife, Madeline, asked him how he felt after being sworn in, he replied "I'm happy but it's something I never aspired to." Later he admitted he has "always aspired to the notability perhaps Transport Minister. Perhaps 'the referee', a little while in the wilderness is a strengthening process."

One of Basford's main strengths, come it may sound in the woman he married in 1987, Madeline Basford had recently become a widow, after her architect husband died suddenly in an early age of a

heart attack, when she and Basford met at a New Year's Eve party. A graduate in home economics from the University of British Columbia and an expert in historic cooking, she returned to him to teach after her husband died. And there, in a model residence for home management students where she was an instructor. Basford, the new Vancouver star came "soaring" to his put it. With students notes pinned to windows, she recalls with a hearty chuckle. "I was never so humiliated in all my life." The Basfords live in Ottawa with two children (Daniel, six, and Megan, three) in a modern two-bedroom bungalow on an open space overlooking the Hudson River, which is a vaguely reminiscent of the site of the old Basford homestead on the Plains. There is nothing old-fashioned, however, about Madeline Basford. She is a hip and sophisticated woman, in sharp contrast to her cautious mate. She recently read a book by California activist Shirley Rodi, called *Mother's Day Is Over* in which one mother is quoted as saying "I love the children—did she if anything happened to any of them, but I don't bring a mother." The candid Mrs. Basford does not go quite that far, but she does voice a widely held frustration of so many young women at home today: "How can you love them (children) so much and dislike the process?"

It is a question that Rose Basford might apply to politics. Obviously he is a warmer who, in a telling slip observed that "I try to leave the office at home." He manages to set aside some weekends to be with the family, except for a couple of trips each month to Vancouver for "free teaching." Obviously he is not an exercise buff. His main diversion is prying around the house, in which he recently added a sun porch, and he has recently installed in a high-school come on auto mechanics. Even after 12 years in the House of Commons, he is not exactly a household name. Arriving late one night for his class, the teacher found him, his name—and how to spell it—

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Old soldiers fade away, but the Legion goes on forever

CANADA HASN'T PRODUCED
A WAR VETERAN IN NEARLY
25 YEARS, AND YET THE LEGION
IS BIGGER, HEALTHIER AND
WEALTHIER THAN EVER

By Michael Enright

As nearly after six, with the sun shining outside and the music standards anxious to start serving, the old men with their wives follow the paper into the Officers' Mess. The room is done in dark oaken veneer and festooned with the pipe banners of former commanding officers of the 91st Regiment, Agassiz and Suberland Highlands. The old men move slowly across the room. On their breast pockets they wear name tags. Their wives, in gaudy chiffon print gowns, have been given white carnations all the while. The paper, who seems to be having one rate in five, leads them to the long dinner tables. They stand and toast the Queen with Canada Dry.

The old men are members of the 173rd Battalion, Canadian Highlanders, and they are about to enjoy the seventh anniversary of their unit's founding. Of the 1,250 members recruited to fight in World War II ("the Great War," they call it), 81 survive today, and of those 81 are here in the Officers' Mess of the James Street Armoury in Hamilton. The talk is of old friends in the next finger sign photographs of their wartime days. Old men looking at pictures of young men. Of course, they talk about Jimmy Michie's bottle of champagne.

James Michie had been a sergeant in the battalion when it sailed from Halifax aboard the *St. Olympe* on November 16, 1935. When he arrived in France, he bought a pony of champagne, a Rheims Louis Roederer Extra Dry. He persuaded a nearby priest to let him himself, saying the bottle was not to be opened until only two members of the 373rd survived. At every reunion, for 39 years, the bottle has been put on display along with other battalion trophies. The old men joke with each other about who will survive the last

and drink the champagne. Then the bottle is put away for the next reunion. Sometime in the next few years, Jimmy Michie's champagne will be opened and drunk, because, actually, the year 1980 will see the last of the Great War veterans.

Veteranism is as ordinary as well as an ethic. It runs from the Department of Veterans Affairs officials playing squash at the Skyline Hotel in Ottawa to the Women's Auxiliary of the Royal Canadian Legion in Tignish, Ill., and it runs to do with poppies, remembrance, pilgrimages to Holland, Legion Halls, pensions, Silver Cross medals and, always, a gift vigilance for the memory of "the fallen." We have accorded the man who went to war a special status for going. Veteransism is the machinery that keeps the status alive. We go on remembering the "sacrifice" for the simple reason that veteransism won't let us forget. It touches most of us for a couple of minutes, maybe, every November 11. It touches all of us in our lives. Every spring. The budget of the two is now close to \$700 million a year, two thirds of it for direct payments to veterans, their widows and dependents. The remaining money is spent on administration and on running six veterans' hospitals and two nursing homes.

That's the government side, but the true motor of veteransism in Canada is the Royal Canadian Legion. In the veteran's industry, nobody is bigger than the Legion. It has 454,000 members. Except for the churches, it is the largest organization in the country. It owns more than \$300 million worth of property. Its budget for 1975 is just over three million dollars. With as 1,000 branches in every corner of any size up

Remembrance of them past: For most the last years were the best of their lives



Canada is fifteen times national than the rest. A few years ago, membership was falling by attrition, and some people felt the Legion was going to fold. In the early Seventies however the Legion decided to open up its halls to non-veterans: politicians, Mounties and the like (one military man says they opened up too much: "If you've ever been within 15 feet of a coffee, you're eligible for God's honor") and this year on the eve of its fiftieth anniversary, the Legion is healthier, wealthier and more popular than ever. The flattery of the last scientist putting on his Legion badge, throwing a puppy into the air and jumping into his tank has disappeared.

The prevailing image of the Legion continues to be one of drink and haze. Red-faced, balding men who sit all day in the Legion Hall, knocking back the Export and playing Double Deuce In Double Out. It is true only in part. The men in the Legion Halls do like to drink and talk and tell how behind the smoke, because in Legion Halls shared experience is all that counts (Rotary or Kiwanis clubs are hardly different). For most veterans, the war was the central experience of their lives and they have forgotten it is over like a tag in a sweater, in the fondled and adored. In many communities the Legion Hall is the only place of entertainment and the only place to get a drink, so Legionnaires drink and play cribbage and talk to old friends. It is the way Legion Halls have always been.

The Legion was formed in Winnipeg in 1915 out of a group of eight veterans' organizations including the Great War Veterans. The idea behind the unification of these groups was to care for men injured in war. But the shared life of a national pavilion for the Legion's membership was to foster the concept of remembrance of the men who died overseas. One of its first jobs in this area was to push for a day of national remembrance in an official ceremony (the world's oldest day of remembrance of the veterans). The first national Remembrance Day was November 11, 1918. The Legion's magazine, in covering the event wrote in a bit: "Brimming with awe on Parliament Hill as though God's benison was shining on the white Cenotaph, marked the hitherto uncommenced of the American, now known throughout Canada as Remembrance Day... The Two Minutes' Silence fell over Peer and Commoner, Prime Minister and Soldier, soldier and people."

Throughout the Twenties and Thirties the Legion lobbied the federal government on the issue of pensions. Upward of 35,000 soldiers had returned from the war overcompensated in some ways. Others, with no experience in handling the duties of a trained soldier, had left more than paid direct payment on the issue of individual need. For years the pension issue remained a mess; the Legion pushing the government for more and the government delaying any decision. Only in the last five years has the system been rationalized.



The men of the 103rd It was 1918 and they were young and strong, and there was a Great War to be fought.

Today pension for disabled veterans is pegged to the take-home pay of the first lowest group in the civil service, clerical messengers, elevator operators, gardeners and waiters. It is indexed to the Consumer Price Index and adjusted quarterly. A disabled war vet with a wife and two children now receives about \$3,500 a year, and, depending on the extent of his disability, is eligible for an additional \$7,200. Disability pensions are tax free.

While the Legion has been successful as a lobby, it has not been as openly political as its right-wing American counterpart. It cannot deliver the votes of its members, as the American Legion does, but candidates for elective office nevertheless make a point of visiting local Legion Halls during campaign. And to say it has not been political does not mean it has not been outspoken. Usually its positions are conservative. In 1946 it wanted all Japanese residents, except war veterans, deported. In 1956 and 1957, it complained that government aid to Hungarian refugees was more generous than assistance to Canadian veterans. During the Vietnam years, the Legion was vehement and vocal in protesting Canadian aid to American draft resisters, whom it looked upon as children who were blighting the patriotic fabric of Canada.

But the Legion's loudest and longest battle was over the new Canadian flag. For years, Legion conventions had routinely approved motions having the Red Ensign as Canada's flag. It was, after all, the banner under which they fought. In May of 1964, Lester Pearson took his proposed

new flag to the Legion Convention in Winnipeg. Pearson was hoping to confirm the Legion and defuse the emotionalism of the issue. It backfired. Red-faced Legionnaires vented their defiance at Pearson. Some of them read up the address of the convention hall, shaking their fists. One vet said that the Prime Minister had oversteered a secret legacy ceremony, the convention itself. Others said Pearson had been guilty of political opportunism, a charge never the mark. Legion officers were chastised in the conduct of the members. They exclaimed: "I hope that most of the people has been caused by 'bottle groups,' members too drunk to control their behavior. Two years later in convention, the Legion quickly approved the new Canadian flag.

Over the past few years, the Legion has felt compelled to move into the area of social concern over what it calls the "correcting deterioration of our Canadian way of life." Its ties are middle class, youthful, suburban, drug abuse, decline in respect for law and order. In 1974, the Legion set up and funded (\$100,000) the action Committee—A Commitment To Improve Our Nation—which was to examine specific problems and try to move community talk toward solving them. Unfortunately, action tripped over itself at this year's Canadian National Exhibition, at which showcase the Legion was talked into sharing a booth with the right-wing oddball group known as the Worldwide Church of God. Worldwideth's best-known proponent is General Ted Armstrong, head of Ambassador College in California and publisher of *Plain Truth*, the outfit's mag-

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'IN NO LEGION HALL WILL YOU HEAR ANY TALES OF THE GLORIES OF WAR'

son. When embarrassing publicity resulted from this past season's crude the Legion withdrew action, and Jean Lery, Legion Secretary/Treasurer, is a conclusion for Legion members to voice their concern about social problems, not a right-wing religious crusade.

Unquestionably many Legionnaires find their world is going to hell in a hand-cart. There is a division in perception between the younger, newer members of the organization and some of the old timers. Lery offers this explanation: "The older guys see things through the eyes of a 35-year-old. The younger people see things through their own eyes. It's not politics, it's age."

Robert McChesney, a Kirkland Lake insurance man, embodies all of the life's hell, would some Canadian politicians find out, also in war. He is 52. When he was 39, he ended up in jail the night "I wanted to get into the war, become part of an army as a gander, anything." Unfortunately as we find out he was too large to fit into an airplane. He joined the Legion at the end of the war. After 25 years of bickering down

every Legion job around, he worked his way up to president. He gets a little rattled when anyone alludes to the best part of Legion life. "That always was a myth. I'd only go to take a tape recorder into a Legion Hall and come back with my tales of the glories of war. If the men talk about the war at all, they talk about the business things that happened to them. They talk about contract offers or reports." Change in McChesney's Legion comes slowly. Some veterans, particularly on the east coast, live at the thought of all those new people.

The old timers undoubtedly feel an erosion of their influence by the admission of 80,000 former officers and 40,000 associate members, people who cannot see beyond their own noses. They are used to the Legion as a place to do off. Still, all is harmony for next year's anniversary celebration. Thankfully the Legion is going to concentrate on the concept of service both to the community and to its own members. Veterans who are eligible for a pension and don't know it will be contacted. Commemorative stamps will be issued. Nearly five million raffle tickets, for instance, are ordered from Holland, will be placed. Two tickets will be run from Victoria and St. John's to meet at Winnipeg, site of the founding conference in 1926. The Legion may even undertake a tour of Canada in a Canadian inventory. This celebration of the Legion and its good works is intended to dispel the myth-

ology of the Legion and of veterans as a collection of lost men unrepresented with thoughts of former glory. A generation which never went to war has trouble understanding the men who did. College newspaper editors tend to make controversy news by embarrassing against Remembrance Day, new nobody in such cases are myopic. The Legion will continue to come, of course, but it will be a different kind of Legion. For 50 years, the Legion has worked to better the lot of the veteran. It has done its job. Now, as the number of veterans declines, the reality of veterans disappears. The Legion will survive. It is too complex and too useful to run down. But it won't be the same Legion. If another world war comes, there won't be any veterans and therefore no veterans.

The old men of the 17th Battalion find their meal of baked beans and strawberry shortcake. The president of the battalion, Pierre William Swineland, reads the names of those members who have died since the last reunion. For each name a single white carnation is placed in a glass bowl. There are eight carnations this high. In the kitchen, young boys wonder about the reunion. "Who are those old guys anyway?" "I dunno, veterans, it's gosh!" The old men are tired by now. They help their wives on with their coats and slowly file down the stairs of the armory. It is still raining in Hamilton. It is shortly after next midday. ☐

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People

There are times when, while covering the action, media people become part of that action. In the case of **Henry Kissinger's** visit to Ottawa, they became pretty much that whole story. The hart bones of the story are well known by now: Kissinger was sitting at a journalistic dinner with Quebecer **Alain Mani** and **Alain Charbonneau**, the son of the Treasury Board president **Jean Charbonneau**.



Kissinger: an open-line show of his very own.

There was a microphone at the table to record Kissinger's response to a toast which would be fed to the press who were in the National Press Building to make something was left open, and some other things were recorded most significantly Kissinger's opinions of his former boss **Richard Nixon**—"apologetic" and "odd" and "terrified." The story got out, and the government was embarrassed and Kissinger was embarrassed and so on. But at least there is a story behind the story. There was only one reporter known to be listening at the time **Judy Morrison** of **Norfolk**, **Sharon Nelson** of **Standard** and **Breakfast News**, and **Michael Benedek** of the **Toronto Star**. Knowing they'd heard things they shouldn't have heard, they all had conscience pricks—Nelson even cried before saying it was morally wrong to use it. Morrison and Benedek, under prodding from their colleagues, eventually did

the same—24 hours after the event. But before it appeared in Canada, the radio or in print the story was out in the U.S. **Bruce Garvey** the **Star's** Ottawa stringer (interdependent for the **Washington Post**) the **Montreal Star** newspaper which ran it on the front page under his byline. And since the **Post** is a morning paper, it therefore had the story before the **Star** and there was more than a little hell to pay there. Morrison does work for **CBC** radio in the States, and it seems that she had her report on the incident on the air before her Ottawa Canadian booklet. Also for all their soul-searching, the reporters were branded "wombs of contempt" by External Affairs Minister **Alain Mani**, and worthy of punishment by the **Tory** Justice critic **Eldon Woolfson**.

Most of the attention being paid in Ottawa these days—in a sense that not focused on the huge press conference to John Diefenbaker's birthday and his thirty-fifth anniversary in parliament and his autobiography. In the background is **T. C. (Timothy) Douglas** the former star leader whose line-



Douglas: that's just a routine.

election to the Commons preceded Diefenbaker's by five years. He also has a book, not a personal memoir, but a biography by **Dana French Shuckman**, published this fall to commemorate her 40 years in politics—11 of them as Premier of Saskatchewan, where in 1944 he established "a beachhead of socialism on a continent of capitalism." The release of **Timothy Douglas** coincided with an anniversary party attended by **Prime Minister Trudeau**, **Opposition Leader Sturges** and former war leader **David Lewis**. Douglas Lewis obviously always made a lot of words by his ability to tell the same joke frequently. Which Douglas substantiated with a line from **Hobbes** **Humphreys**: "Behind every successful man there is a surprised mother-in-law." Of the Shuckman book he said "I haven't read it yet but if Dana hasn't told the truth she'll have to leave the country and if she has told the truth I'll have to leave the country."

Those who refuse to learn from history the popular saying goes are likely to repeat it. **Thomas (Albert) Looney** the Kennedy, is one of those. Just over five years ago, Looney was sentenced to five years in penitentiary for threatening to kill President **Richard Nixon**. He was released early this past summer. Now he's back in penitentiary serving five years for threatening to kill President **Gerald Ford**. On August 18 just after Ford's plans to visit Saskatchewan were announced Looney called the **Saskatoon Star** office and told of his plans. He was apprehended two days later in a **Garland** **Maniac** bugging about making the threat. Otherwise, maybe **Speedy** **Freeman** would have had to stand up for

not-to-mind **Sharon Clark** did get shot but not to play **Babe** **Dakota** **Zakaria** in the television movie **Die**, but that was the worst part. Zakaria was of course the greatest woman athlete of her time (perhaps of all time) winning gold medals in the 32 Olympics for hurdles and jockey and excelling in every sport—fence, basketball (especially) golf and basketball. Clark on the other hand had dozens of sports for most of her 32 years and had physical exercise even less. But she decided to play the ball-out and that meant doing the stunts as well as the acting. She spent six hours a day for six weeks



Clark: survivor of the fittest.

sprinting, hurdling, and training for the stunts. The first day she threw up her breakfast. The second day she bypassed breakfast and fainted from hunger and exertion. Finally she learned to jog down a 400-yard cocktail which prevented both. She developed callouses on her hands from having up to 200 golf balls a day. "I thought I was in pretty good shape until I started working out," she said. "But a man I like I was going to die."

Next to the time they made together her releases, his drinking, and their frequent fights. **Elizabeth Taylor** and **Richard Burton** are best known for their interest in expensive trunks. Twice during their first marriage, which began in May 1956 and lasted nearly 10 years, he presented her with world-famous gowns.



Burton, Taylor: Keep your diamonds and keep your pearls. .

In 1968 he paid a record \$385,000 for the 13-carat Krupp diamond and gave it to her as her prize for having [the] house built at Pong-Pong. A year later he made her a birthday present of La Perla—a pear-shaped pearl which had been worn by Elizabeth Taylor for some 40 years—that cost \$37,000. Which leads up to the fact—at least according to a South African newspaper—that the men ring he slipped on his finger when they remained on Kowloon that fall cost five dollars. It was bought at a local African store in Capetown.

When **Wes** **frankland** **was** **Red** **Maurice** spotted the phone number and the promise of good time on the washroom wall, he would have done well to target **thou**st. But he didn't and on days after he was elected to the legislature in September as one of Joe Smallwood's first Liberal Backbenchers, it was revealed he'd been charged with violating his own



Blizzard what he read there he should have left there.

tion to study for the master's degree. Sadly, this problem carried over to their wives. Dr. **Husterman** and **Joanne Eberlein** are the two women who featured along with 17 other women in a new book called *The House of Husterman* and in her review for the *Washington Post's* Barbara Blomer observed: "The authors feel it makes no real distinction between the two: it is impossible even now to keep straight these California women who took their husbands' word as law, their husbands in turn declaring their husbands as their own selves." Blomer also quotes Frances Chisholm as saying the converted *Wahpetians* were "all really very Christian kind of people." By what, Blomer means. In *Haidee*, what you read is that?

There is an old adage in the news business that when a dog barks a man it isn't news, but when a man barks a dog it is. Read on in *Kennel Confidential* there's a picture of a man named **Patric Kirk**, who happens to be the one that was most badly treated by a system of discipline on land. In other words if you dog bite you, bite him back, not a little not on the

Kirk and friends hit the hot

ness will cure the most aggressive man. So when one of the cops, he was training, nipped him, Kirk nipped back, and—*woof!*—the dog opened up his lips in a considerable number of yowls, and a prognosis of a six-week healing time. Kirk incidentally stands by his motto.

As Hollywood prepares a big-budget extravaganza Super man movie, the most ostentatious costar, Jerry Siegel, has be-

gan a one-man campaign urging the world to boycott not only the movie but anything and everything else featuring Superman. Siegel and arrow



Joe Shuster created the character in 1933, but he didn't appear for his money until first in *Archie Comics*, then shortly thereafter in his own book. Siegel and Shuster both at one time sold the rights to Superman in 1938 for \$130 to Detective Comics Publications. In 1948 they successfully convinced

to have been book-ended. Despite the phenomenal success of Superman in comic books and newspaper syndication (30 papers in its fourth anniversary edition), radio, movie, and, finally, a decade of television and reruns, the two closest have received no accolades. Detective Comics became National Periodicals, which became part of Warner Communications, over the 57 years. For 17 of those years, in a separate structure, Siegel wrote Superman and Super-Jralski.

(Sources: James Olson et al.)

approximately \$450,000 (according to him) or \$700,000 (according to a National Woman's Party aide). It's pounds compared to what Simpson would have yielded in royalties. She reported purchase prices for rights to him the upcoming movie, showing them accepted by The Godfather's Marlon Brando in three million dollars. Meanwhile Siegel is working as a mail clerk in the California civil service, and cringing out for both justice and the American way.

They all laughed when Dave Barrett sat down at the Premier's desk

Column by Jacques Hamilton

It turned out that most Communists looked at Dave Barrett as the "Clown Prince" at Birch Columbia, a game earned him power in 1972 on the shoulders of electioneers who had temporarily forgotten that a vote against Social Credit inevitably meant a vote for someone else. Everyone drifted as they watched Barrett and his new government pull their way through the wilderness of being in power. For a long time the most familiar political sight in the state was that of a rumped Barrett regging his staff down over his punch and add story that he had just opened an open local center to host African artists, on his first

No one's quite sure just when it happened but Barrett has slipped out of the role of Clown Prince and into that of Cautious King. "We've been working on it for quite a while," says one Barrett aide. "It's something that has been growing pretty steadily but no one has noticed until now." One thing that is not in doubt is the reason for the change: Barrett desperately wants an election and he wants to be able to fight it on the grounds that he can govern as well as lead, something his political opponents have been disputing to bar disavowance ever since he first took over.

Barnett sold equity privately for more than \$10 million, says a source close to the company. Barnett also sold a 10% stake in the company to a private equity fund, says a source. Barnett sold the company to a private equity fund, says a source. Barnett sold the company to a private equity fund, says a source.

levels. Training economies fuel and complicate cuts and the salaries of all personnel members, MLAG and senior civil servants. The freeze applies until January 1, creating an obvious incentive on the federal government to cut first before the AC lead or soft pedal and play the unhappy game while Barrett uses federal banking as the excuse for an election that would strengthen the vote held on AC.

Berelli campaigned in 1972 on a platform of winning control of the province away from the vested interests and state



Barrett: Given Prince Is Cursing King

the contract the government would give to create a broad range of reforms that would "raise the standard of life in Brazil." When he took office, he proceeded to do just that. To the dismay of old-labor Socialists he closed out "contingent" reserves founded by the former Republic Cofea government and put the money into the new programs. To their further dismay, he managed to procure enough money (partly, he admits, by "good luck") to handle the costs he was anxious to

Then came the summer of '75. The forest industry went into a slump. Labor leaders bargained for pay increases that would keep up with inflation and confident that an over-government would give them free rein. They began to walk away from the bargaining table. At one point early in October, there were nearly 30 disputes under way and the key forest industry—which controls the major share of tax revenue and dollars in slumps in the province—was shut down.

On the political side, Scott Crowe leader Bill Bennett has finished two consecutive years of a winning streak in the Second away from the old guard who had surrounded his former father W. A. C. Bennett and was running the province with an "old-fashioned" campaign that even voters were listening to and appreciating. "Today," Bennett remembers. "That was well ahead of their point." To make matters worse for Bennett has annual financial review showed the government had spent \$13.5 million more than it had

Burton himself flows when referring to the embarrassing earlier days of his government. "Sure we made mistakes in the past," he says when the subject comes up now. "We were new in government and we had a lot to learn. But where we made our mistakes, we admitted them. That's all you can do. Stand up and say you're wrong when you're wrong. But we've learned from our mistakes."

The "New Brethren" surfaced and were to attract a few months ago. His original contacts of \$150 million in government bonds, which he had sold to the U.S. Treasury, turned out to be the key financial portfolio which he had retained since the 1970s. He was now in St. Petersburg, who already had announced respect for environmentalism, but the industry and who had a solid enough base of support to move forward. He had been in the city for more than a month, but he was still there to visit the harm the Soviets had been doing him during the summer. John T. Brown, Soviet press secretary, called him a "man of the future" and a "man of the future." Brown said that the Soviet government was the best of the world, the Legislature in October 1991, and the book-to-book order that no one expected he would ever see. Like his situation in Ottawa on major political issues, he was not a man of the future. He would do better than he had. If the Soviet Union was back to be a popular leader and if they didn't "even one local" (they did), the order would have been enough. Brown said, "I don't say—he had the right to say that."

The unions not only wear black but reluctantly agreed to continue supporting the NDP. "Labor has really only one party to support and that is the NDP," says Art Gossman of the Canadian Paperworkers Union. Harry Jerome of the Canadian Union of Public Employees predicts that the new government will get back to easily where Barrett gave it the push. "We will not support other parties. The labor movement is too narrow for that."

"I love this game," says Twigg, explaining that in the 1972 campaign Barrett, who had never played chess, spent a couple of evenings watching Twigg play with the press corps. "He decided to try a couple of games. He didn't know any more than which piece moved where and do you know what he did? He built a wall of pawns and then moved everything up one side of the board. That could be kind to hear if he worked at it. But I don't think he's really improved." Good news for Boris Spassky. Bad news for Red Remond.

Business

SOME OF THE ARABS' BEST FRIENDS ARE CANADIANS

If you were to compile a Who's Who of the Arab World, you would have to give credit to Waddah al-Jarrah, a Toronto-based Arab banker at least equal space with Ghaleb Fakhri, founder of the Arab League. David McCreesh would rate the same consideration as would Jean Pierre Schneiderman. They must appear because they have helped the oil-producing nations of the Middle East to spend more than one billion dollars in Canada during the past year.



McCreesh, Waddah: petrodollars anyone?

and a half. Waddah, a Toronto-based investment dealer in vice-president of First Bank Corporation of New York, David McCreesh is based in northern Ontario, is co-owner of a year's lease of absence from the New York investment house, White, Weld and Company, and is now one of the top advisers on investment policy in the Saudi Arabian Monetary Authority in Jeddah. Jean Pierre Schneiderman, a known resident of Montreal, is the most-wealthy of the three. He is a Canadian representative of the past Union Bank of Switzerland.

These men have concluded their destinies. There are other would-be petrodollars. Ted McLeod, president of Wood Gundy Ltd. and of Toronto, is known to be dickering with Arab investors. Paul Desmarais, head of Montreal-based Power Corp., is working on a feasibility scheme for a New-England oil storage facility with U.S. and Arab partners. Rinkard Laver, on the scale of Arab power players, are a class of power-law and corporate beggars who tap through Arab money markets seeking financial aid. Among them, former Ontario cabinet minister John White, who successfully completed a financial pilgrimage to the mid-East last fall in search of support for provincial bonds, former federal finance minister John Turner, who kept to Jeddah last spring in an attempt to convince the Saudis that Canada was a nice place to invest their petrodollars, plus a number of consumers from other provin-

cial provinces who for the past two years have reported to the Middle East like flies to buttermilk. "I was there in Jeddah for some meetings and to pass the time. I was in a hotel but I didn't eat any food. I was bumped into a famous guy from Arabah, Colombia and he was buying a drink for a Quebecer. I thought I was back at the federal provincial conference."

These sorters of petrodollars are maintaining a certain of silence around their operations—partly in anticipation to Arab conditions and partly to protect their competitive positions. "You should think of the mouth of the country and not of selling magazines," said Wood Gundy's McLeod, declining to talk about his understanding with Arab shrews. But in spite of these efforts, the word is the investment and banking communities is that Arab oil money is very much a factor in the Canadian economy. More than \$1.5 billion has been borrowed last during the past 18 months and investment bankers are hoping for at least that much again in the next 12 months.

The bulk share of that fortune has been directed into low-risk securities programs that are corporate bonds, mostly because of government policy. Canada's foreign debt is estimated at \$535 billion over the next decade and Ottawa hopes Arab money will help to get that. The Arab banks exhibit a conservative approach to investment. The state of the Canadian economy, with its large industries in wages, burgeoning in structural debt and double-digit inflation, has scared Arabs away from equity investments. The buyers of these bonds are mostly foreign institutions and investment banks, acting on behalf of Arab governments. This plan of using merchant banks is yet another attempt to preserve the anonymity of the buyers. In one recent BC Municipal Finance Trust offering, the investors included the Kuwait Finance Trading and Investment Company, the Al-Jahli Bank of Kuwait, the Banque Sacre of the Union des Moud and the Banque Arabie of International Investment. In other offerings of dollars flowed through Citibank, where World Credit Lyonnais and the Banque du Bénéfice. The Royal Bank, through its degree chairman Jack Paulson, has traced many Arab investments in recent bond issues. Two BC Hydro issues totaling \$250 million, a \$25-million Ontario Hydro issue, and a \$100-million Quebec Hydro issue.

In addition to their purchases of bonds, Arab investors are maintaining ownership in bank holdings in Canada. One banking

estimate of \$30 million now on deposit is regarded as better on the conservative side. This money is used predominantly for short-term investments. The chartered banks use the Arabs using the form of participation in the system as a cushion against bigger things and the Arabs are nothing if not cautious. "They're a fancy bunch," says First Boston's Waddah. "They like to be a little bit anonymous. They are very wary of the corporate world and their interest has only been in lending to groups with the very big credit." This sort of anonymity also applies to the firms who surround them. Jean-Pierre Schneiderman is divided by ads who buy telephone calls and refuse to disclose any information, including their own names. His organization, Union Bank, has the most information to protect from any person involved in the \$100 million \$100 million in petrodollars available for foreign investment in 1975, bank controls almost no quarter.

An indication of what Canada might expect in future is the \$100-million oil storage facility, Power Corp. is planning for Jeddah off the coast of New-England and owned by the U.S. Limestone. The bank controls several mines on the island while the remaining 40% is held by Gulf Intermediate Corporation of Houston and Massachusetts Co. Energy Investment in owned, among others, by two Arab banks, Al-Jahli and the Banque du Bénéfice. At the time the parties are committed only to spending two million dollars during the next two years on developing the facilities of using the more than \$100 million. But if the Saudis want to build and a large part will come from carefully monitored Arab sources. **TERENCE McLEOD**

Who's in charge here?

The federal tax and finance ministers have been looking ahead for a little more than a fortnight now and to date its only major contribution to the economy has not been any slowing of prices but rather a massive signifying of confidence about how the system will operate. Part of the problem can be traced to the fact's pace at which the government moved in starting key anti-inflation staffs and part came with information. The fact of those already in the saddle is, the last weekend of October Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had cleared only one of the expected 100 million dollar review board chairman Jean-Luc Pepin, vice-chairman René Pélletier, and board members Jack Bellfield of Toronto



Circle K Company of Quebec. Without Ludman of Winnipeg and Harold Ross of Halifax and had yet to name the chairman of the anti-inflation tribunal, although it was known that his first choice for the post was Ontario High Court Chief Justice Wilfred Ritchie.

The conference among board members as to their role was gradually demonstrated as an Ottawa press conference held shortly after the appearance of Pepin and Pélletier. At that time, Pepin confidently told reporters he would be acting on the high inflation paid to professional advisers, even though officials are clearly beyond the role of the board's chair. Cabinet ministers in their various speeches and public appearances only added to the misunderstanding of the matter. The Prime Minister had made quite clear in announcing the program that October 13 was the last-of-date for non-controllable price increases. But Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan told students at the University of British Columbia that Ottawa would not honor its own self-date and could reverse price increases before October 13 if it chose to.

The confusion that results of all this verbal jangling was a flood of requests for relief on the controls package. While the Treasury Board was busy trading both bodies and other space for the board and informal, Revenue Canada held queries in its 28 offices across the country and in Ottawa a special task force of information officers and finance department officials manned a battery of pay-line telephones. On a typical day the field offices received 954 requests for information and were able to answer all but 56 of them. There 35 were referred to Ottawa and would be put to the architects of the scheme at the regular meeting, meetings the board sat with Finance's bureaucrats. One such query was quickly handled by Ben Ward, an information officer with the Canadian Transport Commission, ac-

ceeded to the board in early October. A railway gave notice of a 20% increase in charges for transporting bulk and propane. "The railways are better at giving procedures than anyone else in the country. They'd surely be able to justify their move," he said, dropping the telephone back to its cradle.

The lack of an effective working body to provide detailed answers on the controls package has forced both labor and business to adopt individual defensive positions from which they may withdraw when the effects of controls are clarified. Labor groups such as the 210,000-member Canadian Union of Public Employees and 129,000-member United Auto Workers at first moved to strongly resist controls, though many strikes and walkouts of necessity. At executive meetings, however, Curt claimed the almost certainty that it would be non-compliance for many of its members negotiating next year. The UAW is also looking for counterparts and plans, price controls in the country, to negotiate in 1976 as though controls had not been introduced.

While most leaders attempt to slip around or through controls, industry leaders also were applying and changing the government. Most executives seem to a lack of knowledge on the application of Ottawa's package but hope it will not prove to be as schizophrenic as it seems at first glance. On the one hand businessmen use at least their years of freedom from large wage demands but on the other they see the potential for declining profit margins. Gerald Perron, Canadian Chamber of Commerce president, says his group supports them because "we are told they are necessary to protect a national competitive" but he also opposes controls because profit margins were frozen without concern for the diminishing value of the dollar. The Canadian Manufacturers Association is also in a quandary, especially over the effects of the program on its mem-

bers who sell overseas and may be forced to adapt a two-price system.

To date, none of these groups feel they have seen much satisfaction from the federal government, which appears more concerned with the flooding than the cake itself. Business and labor are aware that the economy had begun a turnaround in September and wonder exactly how much help this program will give to a general recovery. Their doubts were further increased late last month by a poll of prominent economists who said they believed the consumer price index would meet by a further 9% in 1976 and not the 7% the government had been hoping for.

Suddenly, 9.38% looks good.

The federal government's Thanksgiving controls package, however, at least one side of the economy—the sale of Canada Savings Bonds now seem sure to reach two billion dollars this year, a figure more than double Ottawa's original projections. As stock market activity declines under the impact imposed dividend freeze (the Toronto Stock Exchange industrial index fell by 5% in the eight trading days following the Prime Minister's October 13 address) adding to the more and more investors are flocking to buy them with their guaranteed 9.38% yield.

Initially this interest is the latest salvo of bonds issued to please the federal government, which has cash needs of more than four billion dollars in 1976-77. A second look, however, shows that Ottawa's success with bond sales could mean big equity troubles in the near future. By last June Canada Savings Bonds accounted for more than 38% of the national debt and all of this money is repayable on demand.



fact that was brought home to the government only too clearly last spring as Canada sold \$1.1 billion in bonds to reinvest in higher interest bank and trust company certificates. Ottawa was forced to end the run on bonds by raising interest rates to 10.5% through cash bonuses, provided buyers hold their notes 1979. The cost of financing that sale is now apparent: some holders of older issues will receive bonus payments as high as \$42 for each \$100 bond held to maturity and Ottawa faces next year \$340-million-a-year bill to pay those interest notes.

On Nov. 19, 1991, Ottawa issued a prepay of at least \$750 million in interest to the holders of \$12.4 billion in savings bonds. Next year that figure will increase to one billion dollars or a drain on the government's treasury of \$20 million a week for all of next year. This situation could become even more costly for the taxpayer if interest rates began to rise generally, as they have in Ottawa's financial markets. The situation yet again to keep Treasury bond buying out of governments' options. The expenditure of money too heavily on Canada Savings Bonds may yet come back to haunt federal authorities, and result in higher interest rates plus a further compression in the economy.

MICHAEL ANDREWS

An act of the (half) heart

The federal government has finally been successful in its mission to attempt to give Canada legislation governing competition, even though the new law is a watered-down version of original proposals. Last month—more than two years after it was introduced—the Competition Act received approval of the House of Commons. The much amended act now regarded as a standing blemish to all proposals for the new competition legislation and advocates under the umbrella of antitrust legislation live in the same competition on the open market that the Liberal Party places much of a long-term hopes for keeping power

The new bill has passed through the hands of three Ministers of Consumer and Corporate Affairs (Ron Burfield, Herb Grey and André Chouliet) and won final approval only through a deal negotiated closely with Conservative financial critic Sinclair Stevens, a millionaire businessman who initiated an amendment exempting franchise operators (such as soft-drink bottlers and hamburger chains) from controls under the legislation and helped provoke debate with the Liberals before

Quillen says he will continue to push for strengthened antitrust laws and plans to introduce proposals for part two of the competition package in December. Stevens vows to continue his opposition, especially if the government includes provisions for a competition tribunal as originally proposed by Rufford four long years ago. Stevens suggests that part one of the bill may have won very speedy approval by congress.

How Davey won the day (and the '77 election?)

Business Column by Terrence Bellford

The much more powerful can always take care of themselves." Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau told in October 13 training session has by, sharp side and looking across the camera on. His package of controls, a little Thanksgiving goose for the electorate—those deaths, that he is right. The rich and powerful in the form of the Liberal Party have once again managed to take care of themselves, giving us a slick economic program that only means to Madame Avenue their Ray Star. But the crowd across to the broadcast could as easily have been Lushes and gentiles like Sen. Keith Dewey and his troops of cozying money in any proud to present Sen. of War Measures, also known as a Case of Aeneas-like Inflation.

The story begins with the exit of John Turner from cabinet. He left behind a large number of supporters, and among them were former Solicitor-General George McInnis and Senator George Roper of Vancouver. These parts played a significant role in the post-1984 philosophical drift toward support for alternatives to the conservative faction on the Prime Minister's leadership at the Liberal annual convention the November. They never hoped to win a majority of delegates, but they won a 30% attendance rate, but any response over 15% of 20% would have been a block vote for the Prime Minister.

McInnis, a member of the Liberal Party, joined the Federal Liberal Party, won his seat on the ground floor at the Parliament Building's Senate wing, backed up these numbers of dissent.

Dovey was then at work on a manuscript, which would simultaneously solve his three current political problems: it would draw fire from government spending, provide a psychological lift to an electorate waist deep in inflation and squelch the growing myth of John Farnet as a hero. He decided on a plan of action that would solve his three main problems and incorporate the new one.

Senator Disney's job is to win elections and an election is coming in what the world would call 11 months like this the economy has already begun an upswing with the unemployment rate dropping to 6.5 percent and the housing and productivity rising in September. This recovery will follow a pattern northwesterly pattern and Canada will enjoy a brief boom period in 1978 and 1979, buoyed by Olympic spending, infrastructure and the oil price rise. The middle of 1977 was the last time the middle of 1977 was the last time probably began another upswing into early sun, which would last at least until 1979. The 1970s would face an election in 1978 when the economy might again be stagnating under world recession. But the government could support the economy with a budget deficit, it could support an election in June, 1977 and a recovery to a successful flight of inflation.

Duray's controls in his action but there would be lots of exemptions, all administered by a board with few fixed rules and plenty of leeway. Controls would also be based on ballooning government spending, since the electric Orléans was prepared to like economic leadership, especially the gas-turbine forces within the party, and provide a ready-made electorate for 1977. Duray said the program is Trudeau, whom they asked Michael Fielded secretary to the cabinet to draft of a white paper. Fielded had prepared when he was Deputy Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs in 1976.

patrolled where paper is what Trade-unionists in the Commons said it is a case of mere hoovering. Because recovery is already under way, it doesn't really have to work. It is a policy which, with heavy publicity, will give every appearance of a blow against inflation. For married couples. Secretary Dwyer has assigned John-Luc Pepin and Bert Phipps to administer the controls. They are the flailing backbones of political theatre. The Dwyer strategy is doomed to success and we, the taxpayers, are locked onto a program of peak-hill rather than economic relief. But, what the hell, so Jean Marchand used to tell us. "The best is strong."

Sports

SURE, JOHNNY LOVED HIS TATTERED OLD LEAGUE—BUT OH YOU NFL

The obituary of the World Football League includes a number of prominent losers, but amazingly Toronto's Johnny F. Bassett, owner of the Memphis Showboats, isn't among them—yet. In his quest to become the grand young man of professional sport, the resilient Bassett hopes to gain



Bassett, Canada: a few surviving intact

National Football League franchise. And impossible on a rainy road, he just might pull it off. Even before his owners voted 6-4 to end what passed for operations, Bessner had been talking with the NFL. And the day after the impact's death was an assumed Bessner was heading with Jack Glavin, general manager of the Birmingham Vikings, to deliver upstart players and come up with two teams of NFL caliber. "I'm so good ball there," said Bessner in what has to go down as a classic aphorism. "See Mr. Glavin says the two teams would be competitive as hell."

Ryan mentioned that there was a desire or two to be worked out. For one thing, he's on the hook for the salaries of co-owner Larry Clonka, Joe Kook and Tom Worfield whom he purchased from the Miami Dolphins for a reported \$3.5 million over three years. Keeping them out of the picture of the Cincinnati Bengals and their fans would be a good idea. But if their legs at the prospect of 280 free agents floating around could be short, he did not fret. However, he quickly squashed rumors that the three will claim that keeping the locker room free from people of ill-repute. "To 1980? Those hockey games for the rest of the year?" The three do not have a personal services contract," says Ryan. "They had a contract previously guaranteed for three seasons. We're hopeful they'll play with us."

Bassett refuses to discuss how much he's spent during his wife's illness, but it's unlikely his expenses have run anywhere near the \$16 million, the most recent set

expensive franchises went for. That, considering inflation, if Baseball can get in for anything close to \$36 million he'll have a bargain. Instead of taking players from existing MLB teams, Memphis and Birmingham would simply add players from other MLB teams and enter the MLB ready to play. The proposition might prove attractive to investors, always anxious to share expansion teams' entry fees, but unlikely to attract enough players to staff the

Whether the NFL will embrace or disavow Bassett remains to be seen, but on paper at least his proposal has possibilities. Enough in fact that it harks at a good design dating back to 1973 when it was then the Toronto Nighthawks was purchased out of Canada by the federal government. Bassett denies that the NFL was his obsessive all along. "My dream has always been a very simple one," he says. "If ever wanted, he dreams, was 'to be involved in major league football.' And that would have been very happy with the NFL if it had turned out to be major league. But it hasn't."

Behind every great woman . . .

There you go, again, when Brenda's Jeyms Sawchuk, a 49-year-old high-school principal turned Blind Yakobowich and equally promising track star, the press much assigned that her running days were over. Instead, it was her husband who quit—and because of it Canada was two gold medals richer at last month's seventh Pan-American Games in Mexico City. "One of us had to stay home and look after Brenda," she said after leading the women's 4,000-metre relay team to its upset victory. "Brenda sacrificed everything for the 11 miles" for her, Brenda's husband says.

Yakubovich's finishing leg of the relay is what she made up in 11-meter discipline was rewarded by the Canadian as the most emotional cryer of the four games. In total, the track team garnered 21 medals in Mexico—including another gold for Yakubovich in the 400 (her 51.6 best) over a Canadian and a silver medal (and lost more than the 1971 total) in Calki Lombardo. With their three left Canadian athletes still steadily topped their 1971 output and threatened to eclipse their record 82 medals in 1987—despite the absence of some top performers (Nancy Guepé and Christine Simard).

There were, of course, many disappointments. Defending high jump champion Delby Brill placed fourth. Canada's promising men's basketball team fin-

ed out of the running. And runner Jon Woodel had to forfeit a bronze after flailing a wrist test (she had taken a cold tablet). Not so disappointed were the spectators and underwater television crew watching Canadian diver Linda Cuddehebert's bronze-winning triple twister, which



17/05/2016



Yakubovich: next year in Montreal

managed to tow the top of her bathing suit off. She took a long time surfacing.

The strong Canadian performance agreed well for next season's Olympic Games in Montreal's more hospitable territory. But Joyce Kilohewish cautioned against expecting too much. "You can't go to gold medals in six years. We're really coming toward Moscow (1980) and we can only give it our best." **BYRON FINE**

Yes, it is a rough game

The rapid death last month of Hamilton Tiger-Cat rookie linebacker Tony Pate, who collapsed during a CFL game in Calgary and never recovered, left in numbness and grieving someone An Omine survivor. Pate 25 was belted off the field in the fourth quarter after being blocked—deadly—in Calgary Stampeder fullback Ralph Gathion. "I knew right there it was serious," said teammate Tony Easensen. "He just went completely limp." Seventy-two hours later, with his parents and his fiancée at his bedside, he died.

In the aftermath, most Canadians expressed shock and sorrow. The one notable exception was George Haines, the Stampeder's director of player personnel who told *Athlete's*. "The bloody mess

just make it worse, sensationalizing it. How does the team feel? Belbin on it. It happened. Later it shows people don't want to hear that kind of shit. This is football. It's a tough game and things happen."

But pending completion of a detailed autopsy later this month, the cause of death could not be positively pinpointed. Belbin in Calgary died just the week of spinal meningitis he suffered 30 years ago, and team doctors in Hamilton and St. Catharines, where Pitts also died out, reported no evidence of an infection. It was weeks of a blood vessel. In recent weeks, Pitts had complained of severe headaches he saw in Tui-Cat media. Dr. Jim Chatten observed "Headaches are a common complaint among players."

Perhaps no one suspected the less more than that. Dr. David Pitts, his brother. It was his dad, the said Calgary general manager Gary Hobson. "My son is dying. We know that. But he will have died doing what he loved best—playing football. It was his life." And his dad.

BAR TON

Deflex Machine Runs

Shortly before the seventh game of the World Series, Cincinnati Manager George "Specs" Anderson convinced the members of his pitching staff "he wanted to make a power" in the Cincinnati Reds' pitching staff. "If you're a pitcher and you play for me, you can learn to have real quick." All season long, at the five days of fatigue on the mound, Anderson had gone to his intended bullpen—a bats, then a relief pitcher, then a relief pitcher, then a relief pitcher. "Captain Hook" and did more for the Reds' won't record (108-94) than for his pitcher's arm. But in the series' deciding game with Boston's underdog Red Sox, Anderson said conservative, allowing another four hits to lead the Sox to the third inning and then some comebacker walks to put Boston ahead 3-0.

Equally incoherence was the demise of Red Sox manager Danny Johnson to retire. He was brought for a pinch hitter in the eighth, with the score tied 3-3. Hitting around four Red Sox in succession, Wilkoff was scheduled to bat with two out and nobody on base. Instead, Johnson sent the short (out for 18) hit of Chris Cooper to the plate. In the ninth, Johnson, angry and unsentimental, later confessed his decision saying, "We were trying to win the game and we didn't win it." It proved his undoing. The umpire sent Jim Burke replacing Wilkoff on the mound in the ninth, and promptly walked two Red Sox before personal slider Joe Morgan's single won the game and the series—Cincinnati's first in 35 years.

In defeat, the Red Sox showed Johnson little affection, but the stadium Red Sox loudly acknowledged as the better team, and homage to Anderson. As the series' most valuable player, third baseman Pete Rose put it afterward: "We'd never give him such and walk through hell if that's what Jesus wanted."

BOSTON

Yeh, but how many goals did Trudeau ever score?

Sports Column by John Robertson

I was actually reading in a newspaper the other day that some of our top-level coaches have expressed a mixture of "belligerence, conservatism and downright anger" over a suggestion that the new wage and price controls inflicted upon them in 1974 might be applied to men who play in the heat of a living. I mean who does the Prime Minister of this country think he is—Benny Hsieh?

Perhaps the point is just plain obvious: he has a salary of \$169,000 a year. So what?



Orr and Collier, athletes get out too

the average salary in the National Hockey League last season (\$75,000). Or maybe he thinks the players the night he sits with Expendable Charles Brindley and asked that Nate Collier who averaged one base hit every full season for the Expos, was collecting \$90,000 per plus playoffs. So what if Pierre is guaranteed a \$240,000 wage for next year, he doesn't have to suffer the harassment of being traded from country to country like Nate the Great? Who do these politicians think they are?

I mean, just because the Expos are going to pay \$200,000 more money (\$75,000) not to manage the Expos, the Prime Minister Trudeau will be making to manage the entire country, doesn't make that salaries in professional sports are out of line. Who does the average working man think he is when he's over a 30% raise when Lloyd Carr can't even negotiate a salary \$300,000 a year out of the Boston Braves?

Let's get our priorities in order. What would have the country more—a 10% raise for its top players' strike, or a national garbage collectors' strike? Weigh these issues out over a six-month period and answer that question for yourself. On second thought, forget it. Who are the Sox doctors to complain about pitch shifts when Expo Ben Hsieh goes weeks between playing? Why you should consider yourself lucky to be making \$2.30 an hour, because you could be stuck playing in the rain for the Washington Capitals for a

mere \$40,000 or \$50,000. You'll have to maintain two houses, be pointed by at least eight kids a year asking for your name, and be forced to humiliate yourself on national television. Finally, I think the average Joe is grossly overpaid when you consider that he makes almost as much as the lowest-paid California Seal. I'm sure that that risk Seal represents of being a down season rider is hidden.

Next thing the police will be going on strike because they don't make as much as not, referees. Next in line those men out with bank robbers, how would you like to cure your long breaking up fights between Jacques Lemaire and Marcel Dionne? And then there's the dizzy matter of unemployment. What would you rather do: live on welfare with a guaranteed annual income of food, not eat one change of clothing, or be reduced to jumping in the World Hockey Association where you're lucky to receive \$35,000 a year playing for the San Diego "Gulls" taking your fix at the fans and shouting "Go ahead, everyone else does!" What's more important: playing with the Expos and being guaranteed a salary, or being a Hamilton Tiger where you can take three peaks of smoke a day without ever having to light up? People forget just how well the Expos have done. Who else but the Conservative Party can come close to making their worst last record in Quebec?

From the way some of the athletes are talking, you'd think our national economy was more important than the Olympics. If sport didn't have an influence on this country, would we be spending \$375 million on a new stadium, and \$38 million on a velodrome just for a two week sports event? If we put the average working man more than a 30% raise, how could we afford to spend more billion dollars on the sports? To further the cause of Swiss parking spots? Of course, some cynics believe professional athletes should be paid by the win, but then pro hockey players might be inclined to playing hockey only for their country, and we'd be as the same as Russia is in—winning world championships after world championship and it got boring. By all means let's ignore wage and price controls to preserve the Olympics. They have the same sense of French philosophy as Canada in the Expo game. Name.

By all means, Pierre, take the last peasant hunter sandwich one of our lunch baskets. But don't mess with our priorities. These men deprive would be stuck in almost as much as a garbage collector's strike.

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Education

SCHOOLS NEVER OUT: A 'NECESSARY EVIL' PAYS DIVIDENDS

Visitors who happened to pass by a school in the City of Virginia the summer would have been understandably bewildered. It was a September scene but it was after all, summer. Throughout the months of July and August, public and high-school buildings in the sprawling metropolis were open. Classes were in session and school grounds were teeming with students and teachers leaving the holiday lull. Confused spectators might have thought they were witnessing a summer seminar but in fact they were watching a bold experiment that may portend a new structure in education: the 12-month school year.



Goodbye to Mack Finn, summer: the boy, strapped against a tree three days ago anyway.

The makings of the year-round plan. Dr. Milton Snyder, superintendent of schools in Prince William County, could hardly be termed an iconoclast. He and other educators only abandoned the traditional summer holiday period when school enrollment began soaring in 1971. Faced with overcrowded facilities and a limited budget that did not allow construction of new buildings, the concept of a year-round school was the only alternative. The plan, now in its fourth year, has been surprisingly successful. Teachers, parents, school workers and even Dale City's students have found the advantages of the 12-month schedule have outweighed any of the personal adjustments that had to be made.

Dr. Snyder is convinced that the full school year is improving the learning process, particularly for younger students. "The project has been running long enough for us to have concrete data," he explains.

"But I am convinced that it has helped many children with their studies. There has certainly been an improvement in primary reading because of the continual learning process." It has helped the city's medium balance the budget as well. Economies realized from the 12-month system have changed \$180 from the average annual \$872 it cost the city to educate each student. Cost reductions have been experienced in maintenance, equipment, fuel, and supplies as classes continue through the summer.

So for 8,000 youngsters—20% of the county's students—are involved in the plan, which uses three school classes for nine straight weeks, followed by a three-week holiday. This three-month cycle is continued on a 12-month basis. The entire school facilities are constantly in use. The student body is split into four groups, identified by a color. Dale City's students in the red group, for instance, resumed school after a three-week June holiday for the months of July and August. At the end of the period, students took a three-week holiday in September. By alternating this schedule, a group of students who depart on holidays are immediately replaced in classrooms by another group. The system has been developed so that at any one time three groups of students are in school while one is on holiday. According to Dr. Snyder, schools built to house 2,000 students are now accommodating 3,000 without any compromise in teaching standards or student activities.

The new timetable has, however, forced parents to develop new patterns—a fact that caused concern when the plan was introduced. But after adjustments were made, an extensive study conducted by county authorities showed that 70% of all parents, pupils and teachers involved were in favor of the program. Working mothers reported that it was easier to look after children during the summer than short school breaks and many families that had not considered a winter vacation before, say a week spent skiing or skiing offers as much fun as summer activities.

With such a favorable community response, Dr. Snyder is convinced that the traditionally short school year is outmoded as the original reason for its adoption. "Planning around the nine-month school year but there is no need for children to help bring in the crops now. I think year-round schools are a natural for this country." Others agree. County officials, pleased with the economic, the increased learning opportunities and the so-

ciological advantages of a complete school year, are now studying the feasibility of expanding the system.

WILL LOWMYER

The long penance of Mr. G.

For the kids in the Montrose suburb of Lehigh, teacher Gordon Smith was something of a hero. A whimsical actor who thought himself "a bit of a kid too," Smith's classroom was more of a fun than not the path of Mount Royal. Every class became a club and his house a 24-hour drop-in centre for students and parents. In the middle of a football huddle or backstage at the opera, there was "Mr. G." as the students affectionately called him. Hearty organizing, for it was all the more interesting to the community when Smith (not his real name) a 38-year-old bachelor, devoted Catholic and teacher of 15 years good standing was fired from his grade six post at Resurrection of Our Lord Elementary School in May, 1971 for making "lewd and lascivious" remarks to his pupils. The two schoolyard rumors had spun into a full-scale investigation involving two schools in the Lehigh Catholic School Commission (now part of the Commission of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart) and the investigation took more than 26 months. The production of one of his old pupil friends that a single man spending too much time with children was courting "homosexuality" had come true with devastating force.

The reaction of Lehigh, which was past and present described as "mid-western and very conservative" was swift and small. Even though he adamantly denied being a homosexual or that he had molested the children, Smith placed first from local hero to local unsalvageable. Friends stopped dropping by. Parents, teachers of children and those involved considered it all over. Anonymous voices asked in the telephone, "Do you know what happens to people who teach little children?" Others ordered doors "I was afraid to go past the door," he recalls. "People crossed the street when they saw me coming. Sometimes they threw stones." But Smith refused to be bullied into a frightened silence. Like most other teachers fired for immorality, a vigorous appeal followed in the Lehigh education code gave a school commission wide-ranging and arbitrary firing powers. Refusing the commission's offer of one year's salary and a letter of reprimand in lieu of his "quiet resignation" he appealed to a three-man arbitration board.

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representing the government, the school commission and the teachers' union as about to make a decision ending one of the longest, most complicated negotiations in Quebec. One of its anonymous interviewees the school commission on either up with four two-age boys who eventually testified they had been "taunted" by the teacher. But many parents in a South-Quebec interview, that their children had been unfairly intimidated by the school commission, under pressure and without their authority. Through letters and protests, the parents tried to get the teacher out. During that time, some would give French work. One was, contrary to his wife's will, "We don't need no lawyers." Although his wife paid the legal fees and he was able to get by on donations and odd jobs from friends and family. South was forced to tell his home and move in with his parents. He now has \$10,000 in debt.

Whatever the result of the appeal, the case has proven that the arbitration procedure is the only avenue open to a teacher fired for immorality, October has the time not the teacher's profession devoted to handling a change of educational system. In a criminal court of law, it would be necessary to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the teacher had endangered the students. In arbitration, the school commission must simply show it has "preponderant proof" or the weight of the evidence on its side. Also, cross-examination of witnesses tends to be less rigorous. As the teachers' union lawyer, Marc Lapointe, got it, "A huge flaw in the case is that neither the parents, the teachers nor the commission took it to court."

Education without boards, which received 16,648 grievances between January 1973 and April 1975, can usually handle a firing in one day. Senior head Louis Bonchard said that the two immorality cases since 1971, the boards were bogged down hearing the numerous witnesses. In Bonchard's case, board members were "too busy" to meet for almost a year after he resigned both parties.

South's case is also a warning of a certain weakness: danger to teachers is the possible abuse of the interpretation of "immorality" now left entirely in the hands of the school commission and arbitration boards. Bonchard says that while his judge arbitrator uses the law to resolve disputes and is influenced by social feeling, "they have plenty of jurisdiction to work with while the Education Code has only that one word 'immorality'."

South is still living with his parents, waiting for the decision and asking plans for the future. If the decision is in his favor, he will recover his lost salary and his job. "I intend to go back," he says. "To the same school and the same class. Whether I will make it as a teacher again, whether I will be re-evaluated after every move, I don't know. But there would be no point in the whole business if I gave up teaching so consistently, he self-defined the career."

ANGELA BERNABE

Press

THE BEDDOES SHIFT: THE MOVING 'FINGER,' HAVING WRIT, MOVES ON

"I understand the *Argos* have invited me yesterday," Dick Beddoes is saying over the phone from Cranston. "So what? There are people in Chad who won't be sitting tonight." It is not the first time that Beddoes, who is covering the World Series—another so what? has contrasted the triviality of sports with the



Beddoes' fear and loathing a lofty ball

life-and-death struggle of the real world. For 12 years he's said his *Globe* and *Mail* sports column to make the point, then to make it a few lines under it and carries around it. Which, even more than his fanboyish contrarianism, sets him apart from the mainstream of sports journalists in Canada—the apertures who like and die with the home team, who apologize for it when it loses, Irish sympathizers or when it wins, give the impression of being finished as if they have plenty of journalistic to work with while the Education Code has only that one word "immorality."

But that's changed. He's getting out. The month he moves over to what is the newspaper's new called episode. Re-naming the columnist's rights and privileges (which means he can say whatever he wants within the bounds of libel and the editor's taste) Beddoes will get his chance to deal with the real world he talks about so much. His changing will, consistently, be self-defined the career.

from editor. The Doyle informed him only that he would be covering "the politics and business of Toronto." The move wasn't exactly Beddoes' idea. Though he had, for the past five years or so, been making his own way beyond the sports page photo every now and then he had become convinced "I was going to be a sportswriter forever, and at the *Globe* and *Mail* forever." Though Beddoes wasn't fully aware of it, his column has become a little stale, an overworking, overfamiliar and cliché-ridden piece which were funny and being when he first used them—Make Believe Gardens, The World Series Association, The World Football League—and becoming almost a self-parodying manner. He had begun to trivialize the trivial, and that's a journalistic trap.

One of the things that made Beddoes reluctant to move over to a general column was money. Being Canada's most controversial sportswriter (any controversy ended when John Robertson left the Montreal *Star*, and being as good as his mouth as he was with the typewriter, allowed him to make twice as much from radio and television interviews as he was writing for the *Globe*—\$60,000 a year, \$30,000. He picked up a \$5,000 raise from Doyle and he will continue his highly commentary on CRTC TV, Hamilton, and his three-weekly, now serious film-making on Toronto and his weekly *Post* Hockey Hotline on CRTC (Post's *Post*'s Toronto station) was not renewed this time. He has other offers from the discount media.

In any event, Beddoes is a player as well as an operator. As with Gordon Sinclair or Pierre Berton, his reaction to people and events is in itself an event. His presence, therefore, among the politicians and bureaucrats of Toronto is bound to have repercussions. Not even the city and staff of Ron Hoggan, a decade ago, but the mere presence of a journalist in the chamber struck fear and loathing into politicians' hearts.

The sports figures he has dined over the years may be happy to see him go, but they have no real cause for celebration, since his replacement is a slightly mangled, young reporter named Christine Blachford. Blachford 24 (Beddoes was 25 when he wrote his first sports column for the *Vancouver Star*), was already a writer's union member, her first foray into the sports and news pages that she too belongs to the go-to-back school of journalism. It's a kind of tribute to her

that some of the people in the sports hierarchy already hate her as much as they do Beddoes. Not had for a bad just two years out of Boston.

But then, Blachford is one of the hottest journalism prospects around, a great writer who got her start in her sophomore year. More than one magazine came a-courting, and in fact she had quit the *Globe* in late September to join *Weekend* magazine, which the *Globe* carried as a Saturday supplement in an occasional colour. Weekend, especially since its move. The Canadian has undergone such a pace change in the past six months, has been trying to upgrade itself, and Blachford was considered a real prize. But Clark Gable, the *Globe*'s managing editor, dumped Beddoes' column and the newspaper was just too great.

The *Globe*, which despite its Good Grey image is probably the most accidentally experimental newspaper in the country, has been using women as its sports pages for the past few years—not only Blachford, but others. While going a woman the lead sports column may seem like a revolutionary step elsewhere, it's really just a return to normal. "Glad. Dave wouldn't be taking his back out," Blachford says, "unless he



Blachford: when you're serious...

thought the thing was right." The most obvious question is of course: what's going to happen when this little girl goes top-dressing rooms full of suited officials for those "at-the-top" post game interviews? Well, Blachford's own recent big story was a feature on living with a Canadian army unit in the north for 30 days, and besides, she's already been in those dressing rooms as a reporter, and besides, "no sportswriter knows that not where you find the information anyway." **BARRY SCHWARTZ**

Travel

EXCEPT FOR REVOLUTION BREAKS, PORTUGAL ISN'T 'IN' THIS YEAR

Before the revolution, the luxurious Hotel Pousa in the southern coast of Portugal served about 450 well-heeled travelers a day, one month weekend, it welcomed 12. In post-revolutionary Portugal, the Pousa, and appeal, political terror has wrought considerable havoc in the nation's travel industry, causing nothing less than a 67% decline in the number of Canadians touring Portugal. (The 50,000 tourists of 1973 will have dwindled by year's end to 20,000.) Canadians aren't the only ones

winged and guaranteeing workers severance pay have placed hotel managers in a double bind, unable to afford service and unable to cut back. At the Pousa, the 12 guests were quarantined, alone in their rooms, eaters, waiters, stable hands, barkeepers, stewards and chambermaids.

Now Lisbon is striving to encourage tourism: courting the foreign press, businessmen and travel agents with "vacation trips", welcoming visitors from previously proscribed countries (the Arab states and



Portugal, in the tourist business, war like back

straying away. More than two thirds of the international flight has also disappeared. Hordes of the by the cheap have been tourists on the popular Costa do Sol and the Algarve. Ironically, hotels in the politically restive north report increased business—perhaps capitalizing on an untapped tourist market—crisis tourism.

In a year of tighter belts and thrumming wheels, Portugal's experience is uniquely dismal. Despite recent, guerrilla activity and September's execution of Bascos terrorist, approaching Spain anticipates a 50 or 60 percent in tourism. (Last year, 165,000 Canadians traveled to Spain.)

The Portuguese, from the president to the man in the snow square, pride much of the blame for the decline on "hostile empires" in the foreign press. Part of their bitterness can be explained by the crucial role tourism plays in the Portuguese economy—almost 25% of cost before the April, 1976 coup. With the current slump, foreign currency reserves are falling off in the rate of \$300 million a month, and by December Portugal's trade deficit could easily reach two billion dollars. Recent government measures have added to the pressure. New laws raising the minimum

and military government practices at trade fairs, and opening schools of fine arts abroad (including one in Montreal) to publicize and promote tourism. One problem the government must face is the flight of its trained professionals to conspiracy with royalties and royalties, some of Portugal's most experienced hotel and restaurant staff are emigrating—lured by superior paychecks from Brazil where the travel trade is booming. "It's a fancy thing," says Roberto Costa, vice-president of sales for Caladine and Bailey travel agency. "When revolution came in South America, Canadians didn't go there quite happily. But when a country like Portugal changes government after 50 years of stability, people get nervous."

Meanwhile, in the interests of the world war, more Portuguese hotels and restaurants are being taken over by their workers, so the old managers delisted or are forced out. Others like the Pousa, struggle on. And some are quietly closing their doors.

vacation now

Let's make a deal

The plan was conceived and now is expected in the Brazilian federal court was the last surprise. After a 16-month probe involving the FBI, the IRS, the treasury department and the Civil Aeronautics Board—the first major criminal investigation of its type in North America—19 world airlines were fined \$655,000 last month for kick-

backs to travel agents and tour operators.

It was a rule, but all too common practice: the travel business is rife with illegal under-the-table deals. Travel agents usually receive a 7.5% commission from airlines for bookings, but a few become custom practices for them also to get extra cash "incentives" for directing business to certain carriers. In fact, the payoff has become so routine that Toronto travel agent Bob Singh recently threatened to sue two airlines for kickbacks allegedly presented but never paid. He is now attempting to settle out of court. Disbarred with the present commission, some agents are openly advising their colleagues to take whatever they can from the airlines. "As far as I'm concerned, it isn't a breach of ethics to get under-the-table money," says Murray Hollett, chief spokesman on air law matters for the Canadian wing of the American Society of Travel Agents. "As long as the agency isn't forced on to your choice. But we want to get the extra commission above board so that we won't feel like crooks. It would help us sleep better at night."

The airlines can afford significant commission kickbacks—and add above—the board. They spent millions on fleets of wide-bodied jets just as the recession hit. Faced with thousands of empty seats, they scrambled for business by any means possible—on the theory that extra passengers, even at discount fares, would boost revenues. So they worked. While kickbacks are illegal under U.S. law, Canadian law also was well defined, since International Air Transport Association regulations strictly prohibit kickbacks, but there have been few fines imposed in Canada in recent years. Still, says Hollett, a tough game. "Illegal rebating and under-the-counter commissions" (over \$100-\$200 million a year from revenues) "say a director-general Kent Henssler, said. "This cannot be allowed to continue."

The New York court action may be the first of long-overdue steps to firm up the U.S. industry. The airlines must now state annual reports showing evidence of cleanup attempts. And some portmanteau, airline or agency executives caught giving or taking kickbacks will face even stiffer fines and possible jail terms.

In Canada, however, little will change—at least until the federal government clarifies existing laws or takes new legislation. Some industry observers foresee no end to the problem until the economy reverts and travelers are again standing in line at the ticket counters.

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Films

IT'S NOT THE ONE HE PLANNED, BUT JOHN WOJCIOWICZ HAS HIS DAY

DON'T DAY AFTERNOON
Directed by Sidney Lumet

It's an exhilarating surprise that one thing so fresh and moving as Sidney Lumet's *Day Afternoon* could come out of the cop-and-suburb genre. Unlike *Beverly Hills Cop* or *Police Academy*, which depended upon the sheer benevolence of their car chase for energy, *Day Afternoon* does not violence to rivet an audience's attention. *Day Afternoon* derives its strength from telling the truth about its characters' de-



Cazale and Dunaway in a suspense for lovers

pendent lives. The film is based on a real bank robbery which occurred on August 12, 1972. On that day, John Wojtowicz and his friend Sal (Wojtowicz is called "Sonny" in the movie but Sal's real name is dead) walked into a Brooklyn branch of the Chase Manhattan Bank and tried to hold it up. The police, the media and hundreds of curious spectators surrounded the bank while they were in trouble, so they grabbed all the employees as hostages and spent the next 14 hours negotiating with police for transportation to an Arco Airport and a jet to Algeria.

As with so many other days in "Sonny" Wojtowicz's life, everything went haywire. The bank, it turned out, had practically no money; the headless head transformed out earlier. The air-conditioning system broke down and everyone trapped inside sweated helplessly in the heat. Wojtowicz's personal life was doing him inside. He had a alcoholic mother and an indifferent father. He and his 325-pound wife were living with their two children in a cramped flat, chewing each other's nerves. There their was his other, equally frustrated "inner rage," as a transsexual who desperately wanted a sex change operation and kept

making melodramatic suicide attempts. The whole midrange level in chronic unhappiness on New York's welfare system.

The film tells the whole sordid story like a documentary drama. It starts with the opening minutes of the bank robbery and ends with "Sonny's" solitary collapse 14 hours later on the airport after his friend Sal (John Cazale) is shot dead through the head by the police. But it also digresses into the facts to show us how and why "Sonny" was driven to become the man of nervous confusion he is. It's quite possible that Al Pacino's brilliant portrayal goes too far in glorifying Wojtowicz's life and you can certainly question the value of a film that makes an armed bank robber aImpersonator. But in a radical sense the film is right to do so: all the suffering people and human beings that oppress such men as Wojtowicz had a hand in driving him to the robbery. The mass media have virtually become accomplices in murders on mass such as the out, giving people no to know, more shocking outrages for the time they know will follow.

By 1978, when the real John Wojtowicz became eligible for parole from Lewisburg Penitentiary, he is likely to consider his "Day Afternoon" the greatest day of his life. He was paid \$7,500 for the rights to his story (seven times what he would have made if he'd pulled the robbery off) and Al Pacino, in a great performance that earned Frank Proulx's production of Italy. A film board of control, firmly backed by the authority of the Minister of the Interior, kept tight rein on a number of subjects, but paid particular attention to overt sexuality. French film makers with their eyes on the far government subsidies about all of them need to hand their productions, were not about to challenge the rules, at least not while right-wing Godfathers were in power. Georges Pompidou's regime allowed certain sexuality, but in 1974, when General de Gaulle's middle-of-the-road Gaullist government was installed that a crack in the censorship wall appeared with the release of *Insensuelle*. It's a lavishly filmed, identically pretentious movie about the sexual initiation of a French diplomat's wife in Bangkok and, while the film is quite long-winded than *Day Afternoon*, there are two very significant things about it. General de Gaulle's government gave it the green light and it has become the biggest money maker in French motion picture history. Producers seized a catch in official attitudes and when General de Gaulle's cultural affairs minister, Mi-

once elegant Claude Elysee were hard-core porn. The situation was no different in the provincial towns, concerned critics complained in such places as Clermont-Ferrand and Dijon have been complaining that on films such as *Insensuelle*, *Le Gai* and *Le Film* are monopolizing all the local cinema.

The French are so taken with this new wave of French cinema that the legitimate film industry is feeling the pinch. Trade reports say that porno movies consistently do 20% to 25% better business than most traditional films. Many reviewers attribute this to novels, but intellectuals such as novelist Gilbert Cochin believe the phenomenal success of hardcore porn stems from the fact that the French are inhibited (particularly in the intimacy of the bedroom) and lonely. Marie Grignon, one of France's few serious writers on sexual and marital problems, goes even further: she thinks the porno boom is directly related to the frustration of the average French couple. Every French wife here is convinced that, by definition, he is an expert lover. "Many wives tell me that they go to see pornography movies with their husbands as a way of delicately indicating to them that they don't know so much about intercourse as they think they do."

During the De Gaulle era, the French were subjected to the tightest film censorship in western Europe, with that exception of Italy. A film board of control, firmly backed by the authority of the Minister of the Interior, kept tight rein on a number of subjects, but paid particular attention to overt sexuality. French film makers with their eyes on the far government subsidies about all of them need to hand their productions, were not about to challenge the rules, at least not while right-wing Godfathers were in power. Georges Pompidou's regime allowed certain sexuality, but in 1974, when General de Gaulle's middle-of-the-road Gaullist government was installed that a crack in the censorship wall appeared with the release of *Insensuelle*. It's a lavishly filmed, identically pretentious movie about the sexual initiation of a French diplomat's wife in Bangkok and, while the film is quite long-winded than *Day Afternoon*, there are two very significant things about it. General de Gaulle's government gave it the green light and it has become the biggest money maker in French motion picture history. Producers seized a catch in official attitudes and when General de Gaulle's cultural affairs minister, Mi-

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Music

SEWARD, A LITTLE ANGEL, GROWS UP, AND OUT, AND VERY, VERY RICH

Rene Seward will be 45 next February and like many songwriters that age his voice is changing. For most boys that is a welcome sign of approaching manhood, but for Seward and the adults in his life it is cause for concern. The reason is simple enough: Rene Seward is a millionaire who's soprano who has sold more than one million record albums in Quebec, France and Japan and at the very moment his promoters are poised for an assault on the vast North American market outside Quebec. He has just wrapped up his first English album in Los Angeles and this winter '75 starts

leased on Clonier's own "Nobel Records" label, sold more than 162,000 copies in six weeks. Clonier and Angell have since dropped Rene Seward through 17 more albums (three singles and a 76-week, 15-drama series). Last year he won the grand prize (\$10,450) at Tokyo's third Music Festival.

Seward's soprano voice has become a popular commodity for young girls who want to marry him and older women who want to mother him. His soprano ranges from falsetto to a full-on soprano. He's been called "the voice of the future" by some, such as the *Music* magazine. He works the audience in the front row, and grinning across the stage like a professional roadie. After each concert for which he commands up to \$25,000 a night, he is usually in the audience, singing while Seward is carried into exhausted respect by his bodyguards.

Five-foot 10 inches tall, with a pinkish face and chestnut bangs, Seward looks like an illustration from Emily, back issues of *Rolling Stone*. He's dressed in a suit, though he takes dark, tight-fitting and dancing lessons in preparation for his dancing in the U.S. Seward is encouraged by Clonier and Angell to behave like a normal teenager. Otherwise, "says Clonier, calmly, he wouldn't be rich." In his rare spare time Seward builds model airplanes. "I've made about 30 for 15 years back," he tells in *Rolling Stone*. "I and you can see in parks." "I like the radio."

In 1970 he left Canada for a second time, moved to Los Angeles. He's been there since then. "I would be a good dancer," he says. "In 1970, Rene Seward was in a group called the Four Seasons. He was in the band who about to fill the hole left in female hearts when Donna Osmond's voice cracked. Will he translate? Ask Glen Clonier's mother. PATRICK CONNOLLY

he didn't even leave home, until he joined the army in 1957 where he wrote hundreds of makeshift songs about home because that was popular with his buddies. When



Payroll: the sound of hard, hard times

he got out in 1959, he headed down the road to the bright lights of Toronto. It was a descent that nearly killed him. He drifted into the city's roughest areas, fraternized and got mixed up with the wrong sort of people. He started experimenting with drugs, graduated from marijuana to heroin, amphetamines, and by 1961 was playing heavily. It took him more than two years to get himself straight. But by 1973 he'd kicked the habit and good things started coming his way. Jim Hutton of the *Toronto Star* wrote a column about him. He's signed him as an artist, *Communications* has his hard-hitting *True North* series and *Barry Hansen* of *It's a Good Thing* to record his songs. His latest album, *Simple*, (RCA) sold 100,000 copies. *True North* is working on a musical book about the armistice called *Left Behind Soldier*. Jim Hutton doesn't see his records and television contracts closing Rene's eyes. He recalls a letter from a day in London during the signing of *True North*. "Rene was really sick with a bad throat and a lot of people would have said the hell. I can't do it, but Rene said down wrote a song that I'd like to write and do it on the first take." Later when told of this story, Seward's admiration. "Rene was paid. 'You do what you gotta do,' he dragged. That's an attitude that would understand in *True North*. JOHN POWERS



Seward in Angin: Canada he's Rene Seward!

Johns, Green, Clay, Mike Douglas and Andy Williams will guide him to the bottom of the Atlantic.

Seward's managers, Glen Clonier and Rene Angell, insist that his soprano voice is not a sign of manhood. Actually, his voice has been changing for about a year, "says Angell. He says most people believe Seward's soprano voice is the reason for his popularity, and that's wrong. Look at Paul Anka, Look at Wayne Newton. Newton started singing when he was seven and he never stopped. Clonier adds: "Rene is just being way. We think he's going to be the biggest star of the decade!"

Clonier's mother, divorced Seward, she was waiting a late night in the *Monroe* in May 1971 when he appeared on the scene. She immediately called her son and immediately announced: "I have just seen an angel! At his mother's urging, Clonier drove to the office of Seward's mother. He was 18 years old and living with his parents and a 10-year-old child. He was singing and a good boy on the spot. "Everyday in the business thought I was crazy. But Seward's first album (L. Clonier), re-

The trouble he's over

Rene Seward's late wife, who was a singer and pianist, died when he was 18. He was 18 years old and living with his parents and a 10-year-old child. He was singing and a good boy on the spot. "Everyday in the business thought I was crazy. But Seward's first album (L. Clonier), re-

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The northern lights have seen queer sights, but nothing quite like this

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Mel Watkinson, the face that once drew attention into the intellectually voracious appetites of the old ladies in double-breasted coats and capes who populated the Gracie Club, has changed somewhat. He no longer is a bar in the lounge of the Explorer Hotel in Yellowknife, a room where in 1971 he became enemy fires the University of Toronto political science classroom room where he was once the bartender and of the Wafile, the true social answer to the newsweeklies. Today, Mel Watkinson resides in Yellowknife. The story here is slightly more strange, and growing. The game was not a floor street racket (but he's one-handed, work was gone out. The face is more pensive, intelligent as always, one third bearded and the world could stand on its head, one third bearded).

It was the ground for the hopes of the Wafile. Not at all, 94-year-old Gracie Clubhouse. Mel Watkinson, that amazing person under the mantle of conventional education, has merely discovered Canada's newest frontier: the Northwest Territories, otherwise known as the battleground where war will be fought the war over a Mackenzie Valley pipeline. If built, at seven billion dollars, the largest project ever mounted in this country. If approved, it will mean Canada's version of the world space shuttle. It is not exciting, you'll admit—even considering the aggressive actions of Yellowknife—then the U of T faculty club.

The "can expense of Canada," as we know, is a joke. Canada, essentially, is a ribbon perhaps 75 miles thick and 3,500 miles long—the border-hugging north in which the great majority of the Canadian population lives. This makes money back this makes up close to the third parallel has meant entirely the most interesting game going in the country at the moment, the consequences-making contest for the stretch of the Canadian public via the pipeline. On one side we have the corporate mind-sets of the oil lobby, all the vested business and public relations consultants from the consortium that makes up Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline Ltd., the chief applicant for the pipeline. All those lovely people who brought us that phony pipeline damage scare and who have provided the art of the cartel to corporate masters. Tube North. On the other side are the native peoples, the one-third of the pipe making 700 advocates and the "Toronto Eskimos." A Toronto Eskimo, for your edification, is the interesting term applied to the gang-bang-boring business element in the North to intellectuals from "the south" who come up to consult the

native people. Mel Watkinson is a Toronto Eskimo. On a grant from the government (everything in the Northwest Territories exists on a government grant), he is a "consultant" to the Indian Brotherhood of the north. "I used to be," says one Yellowknife crew, "that all these consultants (the kids) went off to save the world. Now they're up here to save us." Mel Watkinson is helping teach the Indians how to deal with the White Man's linked tongue. He is washing them the roots of our dreamy games.

If you wish to understand the rules of the contest, as the National Energy Board begins to provide hearings on the pipeline in the faded elegance of the Chateau Laurier ballroom, you must understand the players.

There is most important, Mr. Justice Thomas R. Berger of the British Columbia Supreme Court, a morose beagle of a man who some think will rule, up one day the youngest chief justice ever to sign over the Supreme Court of Canada. Tom Berger, a 40-year-old man of infinite patience and stubborn determination, has in over months of touring his one-man commission through remote Indian villages and frigid Eskimo settlements before delivering to the federal cabinet his report on the "social, environmental and economic impact" a pipeline would have on the fragile landscape and the growing racial tensions of the North.

There are the brilliant and dedicated types who have been drawn to the Berger commission because—like Watkinson—they have discovered that the most intriguing poker game going (see Scott and Steve Gordon: two young law partners from Toronto whose hair at its equally clean short they look like refugees from an old British Boys movie). Michael Jackson, who looks like a modern day renaissance of Louis Riel, with his bleeding moustache and long black hair, but who in fact has an Andy Capp north-of-England accent, and is a distinguished law student of Yale.

There is another point missed by northern Canadians—the fact that the current Indian leadership of the North has quickly shifted to young, intelligent, militant figures. Indian Brotherhood, President James Wish-shah in 1979. Philip Mackie, the Indian socialist worker who named the Berger commission has people may "have no choice but to stand with violence." It is 34 Chief Frank Threlker of Fort Good Hope, who testified that "my nation will stop this pipeline. We will bring it to its knees by 1984." It is 39 Chief Jim Atkinson of Fort Simpson, who went to the University of Minnesota on a hockey scholarship, is only

36. Chief Henry Hardisty of Wrigley in the same age. "I get the feeling," says one lawyer, "of how things must have been in the early days of the rescue in the U.S.—Martin Luther King and all those bright young men coming in and taking over."

And there is of course, the mindless interest of Indian Affairs Minister Todd Buchanan, regarded as a joke in the North



Berger's noble mission or just a mission?

the statistic who somehow misinterpreted the Indians' declaration of a "Dene nation" (to assert their land claims) into a demand for separation. Poor fool, he will never know. He has adequate backup support, naturally in Michael Sharp, master of the gaffe who blithely told the Commission the very week Berger opened his commission that Ottawa might go ahead and build the pipeline anyway without Berger's report. Through it all, Tom Berger moves quietly about as a successful man. Mel Watkinson is relinquishing our conceptions of the North by the very way in which he conducts the inquiry and shows both from freedom these passionate love of the land we wish to carve up. In the words of journalist-commentator Pat Carney, a member of the Economic Council of Canada, a pipeline through the strikingly beautiful Mackenzie Valley would have to traverse "a sociopolitical minefield."

The situation keeps spreading to the north. James Wish-shah was booked for a night address to the Old, Charnoff and Atomic Workers convention in Toronto on September 14th in October. It was Chief Jim Atkinson, speaking to the annual convention of the Canadian Mental Health Association in Vancouver. Mel Watkinson and his people are among the natives with one trick so they can afford their land. It is a struggle for your minds. Buy attention

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